A TRIBUTE
..TO..
LINCOLN

AND MORE

WAYSIDE STORIES AND POEMS

By

SUMNER F. CLAFLIN

Manchester, N. H.

1910

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The Rumford Press

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

This poem was the result of an unpremeditated invitation extended to the author by Brother Ernest Merrill of Derryfield Grange, East Manchester, N. H., about three weeks before Lincoln's birthday, 1909. No blame attaches to Mr. Merrill, and probably Mr. Lincoln's sainted memory will survive even this.

Behold Columbia's fair daughter
  That sits a queen between the seas,
With the stars of heaven to crown her
  The race of men about her knees.

Most glorious is her heritage!
  Most highly is she esteemed!
Waiting her the sad earth travailed,
  Long of her the prophets dreamed.

But the slaver's taint is on her,
  Freedom is an empty name,
Part free, part slave, and all dishonor
  Fills a warring land with shame!

But out of the midst of a people
  Struggling on to its high goal
Comes Lincoln, one among many,
  But bearing a nation's soul!

He was a man whom God did send
  For a nation's life to save,
To hallow the means and hallow the end,
  And to make a man of a slave!

He was the voice of a people's will,
  And he was their eye to see,
And he was their hand which must fulfil
  Whatsoever their will should be!

So the people, they stood for Lincoln,
  And Lincoln, he stood for them,
And together they wrote on history's page
  That freedom belongs to men!

And there are "Lincolns" with us now,
  Who are neither praised nor known,
Who would pluck the thorns from Labor's brow
  And give unto her her own!

O men of today, beware of shams!
  For the great that have died are dead,
But their great deeds shall make you great
  If ye do them in their stead!

O Spirit of Lincoln, fill our souls
  And arm our hands for the task,
Touch our dumb lips with living coals
  From the altar of Truth, we ask!

And not till the whole world dwells at peace
  And all its peoples are free
May the spirit of Lincoln his mission cease
  In the souls of you and me!

For those who give heed to the high command
  Go forth with joy to the fray,
For they work with God, and hand in hand
  Walk with him all the way.

LABOR.

My admiration for labor in the ideal is great and deep. Sometime I may admire labor "in the bunch" as greatly, when labor shows signs of possessing sense, but not now—O Lord! not now!

Labor stands among her children,
  Queen of the world is she,
For out of her come the million creators
  Who conquer the land and the sea!
Labor, my Queen, I bring this garland
  To lay at your august feet;
You, my mother, are dear and reverend
  And all your ways are sweet!
Of this the spoiler cannot rob you:
  Your eternal right to be,
Your right to the world and all things in it
  And the love of humanity!
He has usurped the throne and scepter,
  My mother's children has he oppressed;
The world he has filled with tears and sorrow
  And a sense of wrong that will never rest!
Oh! Mother mine, let us smite the oppressor
  For you are strong and he is weak,
Why do you wear his thorn crown, Mother,
  And the blush of shame on your cheek?
Labor weeps above her children,
  Whose lips are dumb, whose eyes are blind,
The world is theirs, but they do not know it,
  So long enslaved by a slavish mind!
How long, how long, O children of Labor,
  Will your august mother be put to shame?
You've naught to lose but your clanking shackles
  You've a world of your own to gain!
Come! It is time we strike together
  And stand close ranked till the day is won,
Till the reign of our spoilers we end forever
  And Labor—our Queen, to her own shall come!

OLD CAZIN'S RIDE.

An exciting moment in the career of an agent—Ed. Partridge and his hunting experience.

Under the gathering shadows
  Of a sultry August night
Lies the silent and ghostly village,
  With here and there a light.
Across the great, bare hilltops
  That bar the world away
Anon the thunder rumbles
  And the vivid lightnings play.

Gone are priest and people,
  The shepherd and his flock,
Gone the sound of the smelter
  As it rends the ore and the rock.
Gone are the merry children,
  The schoolbell rings in vain,
While from the map like magic
  Is wiped the village name.

No more the mountain labors,
  No more the valley clangs
With the sound of the busy furnace,
  And the grimy toiling gangs.
While lining the weedgrown highway
  Below the great, grim hill,
A half a hundred houses
  Stand emptily and still!

But tonight, this night in August,
  As I gaze up the village street
In memory "The Mob" comes trooping,
  I hear the tramp of feet;
And down the way comes Cazin,
  Wib. Rowell holding the lines,
With household goods and chattels
  Fleeing for his life from the mines!

He crouches behind his driver,
  For none in that crowd will dare
To aim a gun at their townsman,
  Or hurt a single hair!
"Halt!" cries the mob ringleader,
  And half a dozen more,
And the four-horse team "pulls up,"
  In front of the village store.

"We men must have our wages!"
  Cries the leader with bloodshot eye,
"Or, by heaven, old man Cazin
  Like a craven cur shall die!"
Then up spoke Rowell, the teamster,
  As he raised his whip to be heard,
And the mob stood, hushed and silent,
  And hung on his every word.

"Come, men, and listen to reason:
  The ruin that's come to you
That same has come to Cazin,
  For he is ruined, too!
Why add his blood to your folly?
  I swear he shall go his way!
Kill if you must—you shall kill me first!
  He goes through or I die today!"

Then with crack of whip the team moved on,
  But no man barred the way,
When Cazin fled by Robinson's hill
  As they tell the tale today.
They've come and gone in this mining town,
  Since eighteen eighty-three,
But neither soldiers nor mob has been there
  In this vale so fair to see!

Scattered and gone are the grimy gangs,
  Empty the village street,
"Dismantled" the sign, and "All for sale."
  The eyes of travelers greet.
But somewhere under the rock-ribbed hills,
  There's wealth as in days of yore,
And sometime the smelter will clang again
  And the village will thrive once more!

But as long as history's flame shall burn
  This tale of the mines shall be told,
How Cazin rode forth on his goods that day
  By the side of Rowell the bold.
How "The Mob" that feared not God nor man,
  When Reason spoke calmed down,
And allowed old Cazin to go his way
  Unharmed from Vershire town!

This old man Cazin had incurred the ill will of the miners by expending large sums in building unpractical buildings, which in the end failed up the concern and left the miners with a large amount due them from the company unpaid; this they, justly or not, blamed on Cazin, and believing he was taking a lot of company funds in his flight from town, "The Mob" of 1883 undertook to make him give it up by threats, with the result above described. The state militia was sent for, and responded, after everything was quiet—as usual. I was told by one of the witnesses of these stirring scenes that when the troops arrived all the rioters were asleep in their little beds and there was no further disturbance.

Besides visiting Copperfield, which I did the past week, I have also been seen in and about Norwich, Strafford, Thetford, and West Fairlee, Vermont; and Lebanon, N. H. Haven't had any very wild experiences, nor run up against any hairbreadth escapes. An agent's career is on the whole pretty tame, but now and then it becomes momentarily exciting, as for instance when an overwrought representative of the gentler sex aims a pistol at your head through a convenient screen door, and with deadly emphasis orders you out into the damp moist rain from her veranda, for the awful crime of requesting her presence at the portcullis.

In that dread moment, with death almost staring me in the face—(the muzzle of her 22 revolver twitched so that if it had gone off during one of its convolutions in the air it might have actually hit me), I say in that moment of

supreme suspense, I told the lady in my blandest tones I'd gladly get away from there but I was consumed by a desire to know if her name was Thompson, and I couldn't rest till I knew, though death should be the forfeit. With that she dropped the pistol, and denied that her name was Thompson or ever had been. This little occurrence didn't happen anywhere near Hanover, dear reader, or I shouldn't have mentioned it. It was up at Beecher Falls, not far from the Canadian boundary, but every time I think of that woman's aim I feel thankful the thing didn't accidentally go off during one of the brief seconds it might have been pointing directly at me.

Many of my readers know the Partridge boys, who hail from Hanover, and will be glad to learn of their success. I heard incidentally that Will, the youngest, is in Montreal, Canada, at the head of a big department store. Ed, the globe trotter of the family, who has scaled the Andes, penetrated the jungles of Central America, explored Alaska, and is at home anywhere in the United States,—Ed was up in Norwich last summer, so I'm told, and with a long knife sheathed in his boot leg, two revolvers, and a belt full of cartridges, arrayed in hunter's garb and with a big wide cowboy hat on his head, Ed went hunting. It may have been Saw Ridge Mountain, or it may have been over New Boston way, but anyway when he got back he announced he had killed a wildcat,—in conversation, I believe on the front piazza of Merrill's store, and when someone asked him where it was Ed looked at him with withering scorn: "Do you take me for a horse! I didn't drive him down here and kill him, did I? If you want to see that wildcat you'll have to go where I met up with him over on the mountain." Ed said he was too big to lug anyway, and as I never heard that wildcat was good for much either for skinning or eating I don't know as I blame Ed for not lugging him into town merely to gratify idle curiosity, but Ed certainly said that wildcat was the biggest one he ever saw, and I'll take his word for it.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"Gib." of East Concord and the Artificial Eyes.—"Dry" and "Wet" Chemic.—The Massabesic Blueberry Farm. —Elbridge Emery and "Devil" Lamprey's Opinion.

I have been up the valley of Mink Brook this week. Visited Mount Etna, Sodom Hollow, and several other historic spots too numerous to mention.

Mink Brook is as uncertain a stream as one often meets. Slabbing the hills from away over Moose Mountain way, it works down into the valley and just as you conclude that it is going straight to the Mascoma at Lebanon, it turns around to the west and makes for the Connecticut near Hanover Plain. At one place where I stopped recently my host proved to be one of those rare good fellows who like to spin yarns better than they do to eat, and among the reminiscences he dealt out was a story about a well-known East Concord, N. H., resident, familiarly called "Gib."

One of Gib's neighbors had been to a Boston eye and ear infirmary to have his eyes treated, and when he came back it seems that the operation had proved unsuccessful, and Gib was in the local blacksmith shop discussing the job with Brown and Jones and the blacksmith. "They tell me," said Gib, "that when Jim got down there to that 'ere infirmary at Boston, when he went in through the door where they keep them artificial eyes in big glass cases, them eye balls just naturally turned an' looked at Jim for half a minit an' then turned back again an' went ter sleep as yer might say. Now Jim says they took 'is eyes out an' scraped 'em an' put 'em back again, but I told 'im I thought 'e'd done better if he'd jest got a new pair whilest he was about it. An old pair of eyes all wore out as Jim's is ain't half as good as them new ones they can fit right in

your head an' they won't never wear out." If Gib is correct we agree with him, but it's our humble opinion someone had been stuffing him, still it's wonderful what science is almost doing nowadays! Gib was over at Mudturtle Pond a few weeks ago and was interestedly watching the proprietors of a gasoline launch as they tried to get its engines into proper action to take a fishing trip on the pond. After a while Gib delivered the following opinion:

"Now, boys, ye can't start that 'ere engine with dry chemic; I know ye can't. What ye want is wet chemic. Dry chemic is for a land engine, wet chemic is for boats, ye gotter have it in liquid form."

Most fishermen prefer theirs in liquid form and maybe Gib was right. One of the boys, named Spencer, was telling our friend Gib one day a rather exaggerated story about the prolific crop of blueberries a friend of his raised down in Massachusetts.

"Huh!" grunted Gib, "ye can't tell me nothin' about blueberries; I know all about that crop you're speaking of. It was when I was livin' down at Massabesic, an' that same man came up from Massachusetts an' hunted me up an' says he, 'Gib, I've heard you knowed a lot about settin' out blueberries an' I want ye to come down ter my place an' help me. I'll give ye anything ye ask in reason if only you'll come.' So I left my job an' went. Well, we set out blueberries as soon as the frost was out of the ground till just before they began to bud, an' I tended them as close as a mother would tend 'er child and perhaps ye won't believe, I wouldn't if I didn't know it was so, we raised six thousand crates of fine blueberries in the first six months after them berries was set out." Spencer, whose eyes had begun to bulge out as Gib proceeded, now concluded that the subject had been exhausted and started for home.

Illustrative of the fact that laymen sometimes beat the professors is the story told by Elbridge Emery of East

Concord of the time when Elder John G. Hook, the well-known war time evangelist of Concord, N. H., was holding meetings in a tent up in Canterbury, a few miles from the city. The elder was proceeding at a decorous jog along the country road when he chanced to look over the fence and observed a gentleman locally known as "Devil" Lamprey vigorously hoeing his corn, on the supposition, I presume, that "the better the day, the better the deed!" To Elder Hook this looked rather bad from the road and he reined up and said in his impressive way, "Brother Lamprey, it pains me to see you engaged in such frivolous work on the Lord's day, when Jesus is soon coming!"

"Wall," replied Old Devil, dryly, as he straightened up and leaning on his hoe handle looked the Elder straight in the eye, "I don't say, Elder, but you know more about that than I do, but I know this corn has got to be hoed an' it's my opinion that you an' I 'll both be a long time dead afore Jesus comes!" And between the clash of opinions Brother Hook jogged along to his tent meeting, and Brother "Old Devil" hoed his corn. Also at this writing both have passed to their rewards these many moons agone.

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Bill Dimick as a Burglar.—Calvin Eastman, the Veteran Mountaineer of Kearsarge Village. Poem, "End of the Road."

For Claflin to make his usual trip without his note-book would be like the proverbial play of Hamlet minus title rôle, someone says, and so Claflin herewith produces the note-book.

As I went up through Union I was reminded that they almost had a burglary there last week. It happened this way: You know Bill Dimick of North Conway? Well, there's always something happening when Bill is 'round. Bill works for the railroad, and was down to Union about the time the near burglary occurred. But let us get down to details. Mrs. Quimby, who lives on Main Street, was passing up the track towards the depot when she observed a suspicious-looking person cautiously prying open the back window of the car house. He was plying his "jimmy" industriously and didn't notice that he was observed. So much the better for the terrified Mrs. Quimby. Hurrying up to the depot, she imparted her information to Constable George Hammond, and he, without waiting to go home and get a revolver or his badge of authority, immediately started for the car house to catch the burglar red-handed. Looking for a club as he went and followed closely by Mr. Ripley and Howard Beacham, who prepared to guard any flank movement on the part of the desperate villain who was operating just behind the car house. Passing suddenly around the corner of the building the representative of the strong arm of the law in the person of Mr. Hammond aforesaid, demanded in no uncertain tones, "What the devil was he doing there, anyway?"

The suspicious person aforesaid didn't appear very frightened nor attempt to run away as had been expected, but he changed sides with a generous chew of tobacco and allowed that it was none of his, the constable's, jammed business, and if he hadn't anything particular to do he might go and chase himself!

It appeared after the excitement had subsided that it was merely Bill Dimick setting a light of the company's glass, and Bill says if George had fished up the cigars like a little man nothing would have leaked.

At Calvin Eastman's, where I stopped Monday night,

I got a few interesting points from that veteran guide and mountain climber. Mr. Eastman has had charge for twenty-six seasons together of the house on the top of Kearsarge, and had many interesting experiences. He didn't go into details as much as I should have liked, but one trip in particular he took over forty years ago is worth mentioning. Perhaps there are venturesome youths today who might like to try the same thing.

With a party of four young fellows of about his own age they started in by climbing Chocorua and camping on its rocky summit. A day was spent in exploring the way to the summit of Paugus, where the next night was spent. Then followed in their order the summits of the Sandwich Range, Passaconaway, Wonalancet, Whiteface, Sandwich Dome and so on westward till they struck the Franconia Range, coming up around by Mt. Washington. Mr. Eastman said the boys, footsore and tired from a long day's tramp, arrived in the vicinity of the Tip Top House only to find the summit enveloped in a heavy black mist, and they were stumbling along in the inky blackness when a slight ray of light through the keyhole of the Tip Top House caught his eagle eye and arrested his attention. Once again had a light through a keyhole proved the salvation of the wanderers. They got inside none too quick to avoid the gathering storm.

The last summit visited by this party, Mr. Eastman said, was the one standing just west of Carter Notch. Why they didn't visit and put in a night on Double Head I don't know, unless they were unable to determine which was the highest. I spent Tuesday night up at the foot of Double Head myself, at the home of John W. Hodge, "at the end of the road."

Say, friend, have you traveled the long, long way
That leads away back in Dundee,
Where the mountain scarred and the ledges gray
In the deepening night you can see?

Have you heard the wind sweep through fir and pine,
  The cool, chilly winds of the night?
Where old Kearsarge keeps guard like a soldier of time,
  And the lowlands fast fade from the sight?

And friend, have you come to the end of your road,
  To be welcomed and sheltered and fed?
For there is a house, an inviting abode,
  With its light in the night streaming red.

But beyond lies a wilderness trackless and wild,
  Burnt ridges, and hills without name;
So we'll stay at the house and there we'll abide,
  Till we "light out" the same way we came!

But, friend, there's a house at the end of your road,
  They say 'tis not fashioned by hands,
But it gives you each one an enduring abode;
  At the end of your journey it stands.

For the lowland is lost as one journeys along,
  Up among the great hills toward the blue,
And the night hangs thick but the stars shine strong,
  As the upper world bursts on the view.

And the house of our dreams at the end of our road
  Is so grand that none ever return:
They are resting content in that happy abode,
  So its secrets we never may learn.

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

A Fire Among the Mountains.—Poem, "Old Whacker's Ride."—An Episode in the Life of "Uncle" Steve Allard, Wherein He Hugged a Bear.—Ithiel Clay's Mountains.—The Harbor (Maine) as a Deserted Village.

Friends, did you ever notice the various ways in which various people express their displeasure, disgust and general nervousness when delayed at a junction by a train

wreck on the connecting lines? The agent was thus delayed last week, and, true to his instinct, had just about decided to start and walk the hundred miles or so to his field of labor when the belated train hove in sight. Really, though, I'd rather be delayed by a train wreck than take my chances in one; and further, a man who has traveled by rail, as well as on the hoof, pretty constantly for twelve years and never been in a train wreck, has something to be thankful for.

Up in Bartlett I saw one of the sights of a lifetime, a few days ago. There was, it seems, an immense forest fire raging on land of J. E. Henry, the lumber king of Lincoln, over on the far side of Carrigan, and a gigantic volume of gray-bronze smoke arose constantly for forty-eight hours over the summit of the mountain and rolled away eastward, forming a canopy of smoke here over the valley of the Saco. Few readers of *The Reporter* but what saw it, and few will ever see its like again. Of course we have all seen dense clouds of smoke, and those who saw the burning of Fryeburg last year saw something similar, but nothing that reached this one in magnitude.

The rains that succeeded it happily quenched the fire, and we trust that with greater care the mountains may be spared the like in the future. They are badly enough scarred already.

OLD WHACKER'S RIDE.

Old Whacker got up one hot afternoon,
He'd had a late supper, then retired to his room,
And the swill he had drank,
It was powerful and rank,
And he wanted to yell like a loon.

He called for his 'mobile; his chauffeur was there,
He'd run it himself; he'd a chauffeur to spare.
So he leaped to his seat,
Spun away up the street,
While a stench of hot gasoline ladened the air.

Oh, he went like a comet, up hill and down dale,
Straight away to the mountains, and hot on his trail
His chauffeur came, fearing
His boss might be nearing
A fate where hot gin sling would never avail.

By lake and by river the maniac flew;
His glittering tonneau spun swift out of view;
And the honk of his coming
Sent everyone running;
To give him the road was the best thing to do!

Old Whacker caught up with a Maine Central train
Where the roads ran together, continued to gain,
Vowed he'd pass it or die,
Then with blood in his eye,
Tried hard for the crossing, but tried it in vain.

His tonneau smashed into the swift-flying wheels;
A crash, and a shudder the onlooker feels,
For Old Whacker flew high
Toward the pitying sky
Where they have little use for automobiles!

But drunkards and fools sure must have a defender,
For Old Whacker turned a complete double-ender,
And landed with ease
Half way to his knees,
In the coal piled up high on the tender,
And thusly he ended his "bender!"

Now, dear reader, don't think I am running down automobiles; I'm not. It's all I can do to see that they don't run me down. It doesn't need a very astute observer to take notice that to reckless driving is due fully half of the accidents that occur nowadays with such frequency; and a large share of the other half are due to inefficient drivers. A deaf person or a partially blind one should never be permitted to run an automobile in the public street. The pastime, or business—whatever you call it—is dangerous at best, and as at present carried on is a menace to life and limb of all who have business on our public highways.

I don't think I have ever told you about the exciting episode in the life of Uncle Stephen Allard, wherein he actually hugged a bear and lived to tell the tale—and the bear lived, too.

It seems that Uncle Steve had been over to Madison Corner and was on his way to Chataque rather late in the evening, when he met up with a large and somewhat familiar bear. In fact, the first thing Uncle Steve knew he was in the fond embrace of the denizen of the woods. By the side of the road was a little lake and round and round waltzed bear and man till they both fell over the bank and rolled down into deep water, which unexpected event so discouraged the bear that he broke his hold and dug for the shore. "And, by mighty, I did, too," said Uncle Steve, "but if I'd had my old Queen's Arm with me I'd brought him down, by mighty I would."

I've been up Cold River this week and, as usual, got a whole lot of notes for the *Reporter*. Cold River rises near Baldface Mountain. Baldface came pretty near being Mount Lowe, once upon a time, we are told, as an enterprising gent of that name tried to buy it of Uncle Ithiel Clay, whose brother Mason is still living in Chatham at a good old age. But Uncle Ithiel hated to part with his mountain and Mr. Lowe found the price too high, and hence the mountain, in all its gray ruggedness, is Baldface still. It is a great place for blueberries and it has not been unusual the past few weeks for fifty to seventy-five to camp upon its bushy sides night after night.

Horace Mason killed a bear recently, so he said. I heard he killed another not long ago. He found young bruin in his trap the morning of the day I called, but the story that he stabbed him with a hat-pin is untrue. He cut his throat with a jackknife. If I hadn't been in a hurry to get to Fag-end, I'd liked to have sampled some of the meat, for bear meat at this time of the year ought to be good and juicy.

I caught a henhawk this week, myself. Some hunter's gun or a rush against the numerous wires had broken his leg and though tangled up in the rank growth beside of the road he made a plucky fight. A henhawk is really a handsome bird as any that sails in the wild, free mountain air of New England.

When I visited the Harbor this year there was an air of unusual quiet. The main street is half a mile long, with houses at frequent intervals, but after traversing the whole blooming length of it in the gathering gloom of last week Wednesday night and finding but one solitary house occupied, I began to think that there had been an evacuation. Inquiry revealed the fact that a lawn party in aid of the local church was in progress at the Knight place on Fish Street, and everybody evidently was there. I felt that it must have been a huge success at all events, and the next day I learned that it was, but I never came so near being obliged to put up at the schoolhouse and dine on green corn as I did that night, though, bless you, I wasn't obliged to after all. Some told me it served me right, I ought to have been at the party myself, and I guess I had. There was everything that's good to eat, and plenty of it. There was music and there were other things too numerous to mention, but I must mention readings by visitors from Colorado and the venerable but vigorous Mrs. Dr. Pyrum Perry, who lives in a summer cottage near by, and I've no doubt if the agent had been there he'd have been called upon for a few remarks also. They also do that the first chance they get (and are sorry afterwards). When I struck off down the road from Fish Street to Fryeburg Corner, who should come along but Brother Smart. He wanted to know where I was going, and I countered by demanding where he was bound for, and we discovered that we were both bound for Fryeburg. This amazing coincidence resulted in a very pleasant trip together, and among other things he told me was about a certain Elder Gammage, who used to preach around this section when he was a boy.

"I remember," he said, "when I was a boy being at my Grandsir Smart's and the Elder was there. He'd been officiating at the funeral of an old man over in Sweden who was a strong Universalist, he himself being a Methodist, and Grandsir was also, and a strong one at that. I had been at the funeral myself and Grandsir was one of the bearers. And I remember it impressed me deeply when at the supper table after grace had been said and we fell to, Grandsir demanded to know of Elder Gammage how it was that he could go and preach a Universal sermon for a Universalist when ordinarily he held the doctrines of the Methodist.

" 'Well,' says the Elder, dryly, 'Brother Smart, don't you see they're all better satisfied when we preach what they want?' Brother Smart saw it, I guess, but all ministers are not quite so frank."

THE ORPHAN FAWN.

The woods beside Lake Wentworth
  All in the days of June,
Were joyous with the songs of birds,
  All Nature was in tune.

Beside the limpid waters
  There lived a doe and fawn,
As fair to see as there could be,
  Or e'er the sun shone on!

They did no harm to any man,
  By trespass or by theft;
But someone shot the watchful doe,
  And left her fawn bereft!

Say not that it was sportsmanlike
  This harmless doe to kill,
'Twas crime alike in law and fact
  Of some fiend's murderous will.

Then far away the frightened fawn
  Fled by the shining water,
Till to a summer camp she strayed,
  And there some good friend caught her.

On milk and fruit the orphan throve,
  The state her kind protector.
They fed her and they gave her love,
  Which is sweet as any nectar!

And now she dwells in Concord park,
  Her wants are all supplied her,
Her weakness Henry Cotton says
  Are apples and sweet cider!

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Old Orchard—Maine General Hospital as "a City Set Upon a Hill."—Stories of Enoch and Robert Drew. —A Short Grace.—Poem, "The Goldenrod."

I visited Old Orchard recently. Hadn't been there for twenty years. The beach was just the same. The ocean hadn't changed any, but the best part of the happy old town was a seamed and blackened district where a few weeks ago the thriving beach town stood. Will it build up again? Of course it will. The only question that requires an answer is, Will the builders learn anything from their sad experience?

In the rejuvenation of Old Orchard this should be held in view: To build solidly, to build with an eye to artistic beauty. The ocean is beautiful or it is wild and terrible as Nature makes it. The sky is grand and deep and pleasant. The land is smiling with the ever-changing shade of vegetable growth. These things always will be so while the world stands. Old Orchard possesses what makes it eternally attractive, and in view of this there is no reason

why it should be built up as before, more like a huddle of hucksters' camps than a permanent town. Therefore we say, let Old Orchard be built up this time with a view to its permanency, substantially and with plenty of space between the structures, then any future fire could do little damage.

I visited Portland and Sebago Lake this week, for the first time, and found the former "a city set upon a hill," or at least a part of it, that where the Maine General Hospital—the Mecca of many a stricken soul—is located, towers high above the Union railway station from which one departs over the Maine Central for the distant New Hampshire mountains where I feel so much at home. Sebago Lake was enveloped in the mists presaging the longest storm we have had this year, lasting from Monday noon to Friday morning without a rift in the clouds, and the Labor Day crowds I saw there were a draggled-looking lot. Notwithstanding this, however, I covered Brownfield, Snowville, Eaton, Madison and a part of Tamworth, and, of course, found everyone at home, and the reckless way in which they handed over the dough for newspapers and other periodicals showed that they were not in sympathy with the old fellow who refused to take his local paper because he said he knew more now than he wished he did.

Among my old friends I stopped with this week was Enoch L. Drew of Silver Lake, who has hunted foxes from Gold Hill in Sandwich to Goshen and Brownfield. He is a son of Robert Drew, who lived here and was well known to the older inhabitants. Enoch L. Drew's grandfather was in the Revolution. His father was in the wars of 1812 and 1840. Enoch himself participated in the great Civil War of 1862. And one of his sons was in the war of 1898 with Spain.

When Robert Drew was a youth of fourteen or fifteen he had a scrap with a neighbor named Durgin wherein he, being younger and no match for his adversary, took to his

heels, and finding Durgin gaining on him, he suddenly threw himself across his path in such a way that Durgin ploughed his length in the earth, and before he could get up young Drew had given him such a "lamblasting" that he didn't "come to" for four hours, and when he did Robert had left to join the patriot army in the War of 1812. And when he came back and met his friend Durgin again after a lapse of several years, Durgin wasn't satisfied, and as a consequence got licked again, for Robert hadn't been hustling with soldier boys for nothing.

I don't know but some people may have got an idea that Robert Drew was the only poet in this section before I arrived on the scene, but that isn't quite so. There were others. Among them was one Mr. Joseph Hutchins of Tamworth Ridge. He was a lumberman and in the course of his business had occasion to issue an order to Storekeeper Pease for goods for one of his workmen, and this is how he did it:

Mr. Pease, if you please,
Let Zebulon Horne
Have a bushel of corn.
Charge the amount
To my account,
And in the fall
I'll pay you all.

When Mr. Hutchins came down to settle up, the storekeeper noted that he was wearing a shockingly dilapidated old hat, and he offered to give him his pick of his stock of goods if he would at once make up as good a verse as the one just quoted.

Throwing his hat on the floor, Mr. Hutchins declared:

There lies my old hat,
And pray what of that?
  It's as good as the rest of my raiment.
If I buy me any better
It will make me your debtor,
  And you'll send me to jail for payment.

Of a certain neighboring farmer who consumed prodigious quantities of hard cider in the operation of harvesting his wheat, Hutchins wrote:

Up and down he cut his wheat,
  Careless and limber;
He hit a rock a hellish clip,
  And sliced his little finger!

I believe it was at a country tavern in Carroll County that Enoch Drew told me this incident happened: It seems that a large party were seated at a common table in the dining-room, and one, a ministerial-looking gent, had been placed at the head. When the meal was ready, the host, thinking it was probably the solemn-looking man's custom to say grace, requested him politely to ask a blessing "just a minute" before they began. I don't think they asked him again, for this is what he said:

Lord bless us just a minute,
All take a 'tater'n skin it;
One minute's good as ten.
Lord bless us! Amen.

I have been aching to take a fall out of "Golden Rod" for many years, but some way I never got to it, quite. Have you noticed how handsome it is this season? Well, I'm going to have my innings now, or perish in the attempt! Someone please hold my hat. Wait while I spit on my hands:

THE FAIREST FLOWER THAT GROWS.

The rose may toss disdainfully
  Its crown of blooming red;
The dahlias and the violets
  Within their soft-made bed;

The daisy and the buttercup
  In every farmer's field—
He loves them, and the "paint brush," too,
  But his love is well concealed!

There is no aristocracy
  In my galaxy of flowers;
We take them as we find them,
  And it's the golden rod for ours!

She grows in sandy reaches,
  Where nothing else could live.
To man's hard and arid pathway
  Does she her beauty give!

And in the winds of autumn,
  When the frosts have shorn the vine,
Still brightly glows that blessed posy.
  'Tis the golden rod for mine!

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

Mrs. Hobbs' Prize Chicken.—Sarah Chase's Stories of the Minister.—Also One on the Doctor.—The Theft of Bill Marston's Horse.

We don't often dash into the arena of publicity with our unvarnished hen tales, but when we do it's time to sit up and take notice, my Christian friends! Mrs. Maria K. Hobbs of West Ossipee has a chick that made her debut in this cold and unfeeling world early in the present spring, and to all appearances was the common, ordinary, two-legged fowl of commerce, that will undertake to race with an automobile just as quick as she would try to swallow a brass-headed hatpin. But this chick, under the fostering care of Mrs. Hobbs, developed a precocity hitherto unknown. The facts, sworn to before a justice, show conclusively that the said young pullet in the fourth month and third day of her life did then and there in Hobbs' coop aforesaid, lay and bestow upon said Hobbs one hen's egg, and furthermore, she, the said pullet, has kept it up

from that day to this, not stopping for holidays or Sundays. We want to know who can beat this! We yearn for an answer through the columns of this or any other paper, accompanied, of course, by the name of some responsible person who can back it up. We can't—lay an egg, but we can back up this yarn with great cheer.

Sarah E. Chase, who lives over at Skinner's Corner, was quite interested in one of my truthful stories about a minister who was presented with a mess of suckers for performing an operation on a loving couple that had got all tangled up in Cupid's meshes and couldn't see any other way out but to take their chance at matrimony. She became reminiscent, as old folks will, and then I got the story of a couple at a kitchen junket at Center Harbor, many years ago, who thought it would be great fun to dare the god of war—I would say marital felicity—by having a mock marriage. But they made a mistake and had a real parson tie the knot good and tight. The young man in the case agreed to give the officiating clergyman one bushel of white beans and forty white-oak stakes. But when the parson came around and reminded him how he loved white beans, Mr. Man began for to say it was all a joke; but the parson opined that he never made a better hitch in his life and the other fellow would never be any nearer married if he lived to be a hundred. Then the young man vowed he'd never live with his accidental better half, and didn't 'till her dad came around and made him pay her board bill once or twice. Then he caved and came up to the scratch like a little man. And what was more, the parson got the beans and his white-oak stakes to boot!

Mrs. Chase was born over near Fowler's Mills on Fowler River, and she told of a couple of things that happened there in the old days when the simple life was about all the kind they had—but not quite. One of Mrs. Chase's aunts was confined, and her uncle footed it down to Tamworth village for old Doctor B. Old Doc was pretty full, but

they got him onto his charger and away he started in the gathering gloom of a summer night. About half way home Uncle overtook the doctor lying forward on his horse's neck, peacefully snoring off his beautiful jag. This was too much, and seizing Doc by the shoulders Uncle dragged him off the horse and laid him out on the grass beside the road. Then, mounting the doctor's horse, he rode it back to the village, and getting the other physician who practiced there at the time, took him out to attend the case. What Doctor B. said when he came to is not recorded.

There was an old maid sister who attended Mrs. Chase's aunt during her sickness, who lived on the other side of the river, and by and by she wanted to get home, but the bridge had been swept away and the water continued high. So old Dame Necessity, in the person of Mrs. Chase's uncle, set wits to work and the result was a scalding-tub was rigged with ropes, suspended across the turbid tide, and Mary Ann went home in novel and distinguished style.

What people around Sandwich Center are wondering about nowadays is whether those two Harvard students who stole Bill Marston's horse are a fair sample of dear old Harvard, or only an excrescence on her fair name and fame. The way those callow youths took to make asses of themselves was about the worst bungle our people have been treated to in years. Sandwich has turned out some really first-class rascals in its day and doubtless Harvard has, too, but to the rural mind real live horse thieves who cannot harness a horse so as to have it stay with the wagon, and get the bits in hind side before so they had to use a silk handkerchief for a throat latch; then after they have abandoned the rig in a damaged condition, making bird-tracks clear over into Sandwich Notch, where they slept in a barn and were ordered off the premises by the owner, who was disgusted because they did not come in the house, and finally (is this sentence getting too long?) back-tracking and running right into the hands of the Sandwich

police force; to the rural mind, we repeat, the whole thing is too funny to be true and they blame Bill for not soaking the numb-heads a couple of hundreds more.

The emblems on their gum-soled shoes
  They tell me was a bird,
A sort of flying devil
  Or something that absurd;
They went in to be nasty,
  And cut up quite a lot;
They ranged the town
  And stole a horse,
And lastly they got caught.
  But what our people do admire
In monkey or in man,
  When to be great we would aspire
Or good or ill we plan,
  Is that we do the job up brown
And win or lose with grace;
  On fat heads and mere fools we frown
Who fail to save their face.

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

On the Panic of 1907–'08.—Brown-tails as "Amusing Little Cusses." — The Moving of Uncle John Atwood.

I am not at all sure, dear *Pioneer* readers, that Brother Sanborn will permit these few remarks to see the light of day in Carroll County. From some things he's said lately, I gather that he believes the Republican brand of prosperity to be a hollow mockery, and that what we need to fortify public confidence—which somehow has gone glimmering—is a return to Jeffersonian principles as enunciated by the peerless statesman from Nebraska, and re-

peatedly stolen by the conferrer of Ananias degrees at Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

I've got to call down Brother Sanborn even if he don't print a dinged word of this. What I want to ask him is, to wit, as follows, viz.: Don't everybody know that this is a prosperous country? Isn't there two jobs for every man who wants work? Didn't we raise the biggest crops of any nation on earth the past season? Haven't we had the biggest rains this fall since 1869? This is all due to the Republican party, isn't it, Mr. Editor?

Twice there has been something of a panic—it's all over now—and four or five billion dollars' worth of confidence has dropped out of the stock market, but the Republican party can't be blamed for that any more than the Democratic. What in the name of Sam Hill folks will go and get scared for and yank their hard earnings out of the banks just at a time when they need it in the banking business, and create so much trouble for, is more than I and Mr. Roosevelt can see.

I've examined the country critically and expertly and don't hesitate to say that the opinion I am about to offer carries great weight (two hundred and ten pounds averdupois). This opinion, I say, has been weighed by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. J. Pierp. Morgan and Martin Dooley of Chicago. We all believe that the financial situation never was sounder. A few undesirable citizens have gone and shot themselves, or took gas, or borrowed a piece of rope with which to swing off into a land where financial crashes are said to be unknown, thereby creating a sickening mess for the undertaker, and the others who undertake to straighten out their affairs, but this always happens during a period of liquidation; and just as soon as the weaker brothers find their proper level on the dump, business will take a new upward turn, and with the return of confidence among the great stock-digesting masses, times will boom again. It is treason at this

juncture for anyone to try to throw a scare into the investing and depositing public by telling facts about the "criminal trusts" and the looting of legitimate business by the stock gamblers of Wall Street.

There, Mr. Editor, print that if you dare! Perhaps you think there is but one side to this question, and you've got it, but I want you to distinctly understand that there is a right side and also a wrong side! I call upon all my friends in Carroll County to take back their gold and hand it over to the banks again. Then there won't be any trouble. The banks are all right; it's confidence—trust—that's lacking. The banks trust in gold, and the people should give it up peaceably but promptly, and trust in God to be suitably rewarded in the great hereafter. That is my humble advice.

Now, as to brown-tail moths! Have the amusing little cusses visited your locality yet? They have mine. They came year before last and contentedly took up their abode on my apple trees. There are several ways of domesticating the brown-tail in his wild and woolly state, without the aid of a bounty, and they are a crop as unfailing as the rocks on the hills of New Hampshire. They are tame—very tame—and will, when their first wild hunger has been appeased, crawl off the old apple tree or drop from the bough upon your restful person merely to make your acquaintance. With them, introductions are superfluous, and etiquette is brushed rudely aside! During the business career of a thrifty and ambitious brown-tail, he improves each shining moment with great cheer, and in his one-act specialty as a skin-stuffer has few equals and no superiors. He has the little busy bee skun a mile and laid away in the has-wasser class, all right. I have treated several of my apple trees for the brown-tail this season very successfully; experts assure me that I will never be troubled with the pest again. These trees were right where I had to put my sidewalk, anyway. Send stamp for full

particulars of how I did it! P. S.—I may reply on a postal, but I consider the secret's worth a cent extra, so please send a stamp.

When Uncle John and Aunt Augusta Atwood sold out up on Bennett Street in Sandwich, right at the foot of old Whiteface Mountain, where many peaceful years had been spent upon their productive farm, Aunt Augusta allowed it would be more proper to brush up a little; and, as they were going to take up their abode in the village of Meredith, in the neighboring county, Aunt A. decided to dispose of their set of steel knives and forks that had done honorable service for many years, at their auction sale, and purchase some silver ones to replace them. When they came to pick them up, however, one knife and one fork were missing. High and low the search was made, from cellar to garret and back again, but nowhere could they be found. Uncle John joined in the search, which was kept up until the day of the auction, when the set was sold one short a knife and fork. Aunt A. was surprised and Uncle John pretended to be when, after they were all settled in their new home at Meredith Village, Uncle John one day discovered the missing knife and fork in his overcoat pocket! He says, "By heck, there's nothing better to eat with than a steel knife and fork, no matter what others may say," and, gentle reader, I agree with Uncle John.

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

Dissipation, Ours and Others.—Jack Pratt and Experiences on a City Police Force.

I am not knocking, but a little experience I had last week is so apt that it's worth repeating. Mr. Sam E—— and myself had spent the evening pleasantly smoking (all good

men are allowed one vice, you know) and talking on the current topics of the day. My dissipation consisted of one cigar and three apples—great, large, red King apples they were, as spicy and tart as the palate of man could ever crave. My friend, Sam, who is nearly twice my age (and if you please Little Pitchers is a granddad now) had smoked four or five pipefuls of good and strong plug and eaten one apple when we went to bed. In the morning my friend got up, but not smiling; in fact, he was decidedly grouchy and complained that he "hadn't rested worth a cent; that confounded apple," he said, "hasn't set well on my stomach!" Now I don't believe personally that apples ever hurt anyone whose appetite craved them; but honestly now, I do think that after a man has saturated his system with nicotine from a strong pipe and smoked his lungs full of tobacco, the apple as a chaser might raise a disturbance in the infected district; so beware of the seductive apple, my friend!

My good friends, the Pratts, near Water Village, entertained me one night recently, and as John W. Pratt, the elder of the family, had had experience in the Civil War and on the Salem police force, we enjoyed a season of swapping stories. Among the diversions af army life, as told by Mr. Pratt, was the hilarity with which the "boys" would greet the humble hucksters of the unobtrusive and harmless pie; these enterprising citizens would arrive in camp with a load of pies of every variety known to the culinary art, and the boys would crowd around to look over the stock. Then suddenly someone would start a scrimmage and before the pie-man could tell exactly what had happened or who had done it, his cart would be turned bottom up, himself ditto, and every blamed pie gone beyond recovery. This is no insinuation against the pie. The officers usually frowned upon their indiscriminate consumption by the boys, and after they had given the poor hucksters a lesson on the heinousness of the crime of intro-

ducing the seductive pie into the camp, and sending them away with a Scotch blessing, they usually sampled those same pies in the officers' mess—to measure the enormity of the offense, I suppose. Mr. Pratt, being a sinewy and agile gentleman of large proportions, used in those days to enjoy what was termed "cleaning out a tent," which consisted in waiting till the virtuous messmates, generally three in a tent, had got sound asleep, and then suddenly making a descent upon the unsuspecting victims and throwing them into the damp grass in one, two, three order. Brother Pratt didn't state whether his tent was ever cleaned out or not, but this reminds me of the husky gent who started into a tenement block one day after informing a bystander that there were "three men in there who had insulted him; I'm going in to throw them out; count 'em, mister!" He stormed in through the door with blood in his eye and a moment later a battered-looking gent came flying out in front of a number eleven boot. "One," yelled the bystander. "Stop counting," called out the battered one, "it's me!"

When Mr. Pratt was on the force in Salem, he told me of a particularly hard case. A certain Mike Kelley, who periodically got drunk and had a rough-house at his residence, in a certain back street, with his wife, who it appears in the words of the old ditty.

> Loved gin, while he loved rum,
> And that is how the trouble begun.

After a while they got sick of arresting Mike and decided to pull in his other half as an experiment. She was big and strong—a perfect Amazon—and with the customary jag on it took three men to get her into a patrol wagon, where Mr. Pratt sat on her chest and held her arms till the station house was reached. Out came the sergeant, a smallish man, by the way, who bustled up to the end of the wagon as it was backed up to the pavement. Mrs.

Mike was watching her opportunity, and, suddenly drawing back with a kick that would have done credit to Maud, the trick mule, in her palmiest days, with both feet she landed in the sergeant's abdominal section, sending him ingloriously to the sidewalk, all doubled up. Of course, he got right up, but the things he said were not fit for publication. She got an extra thirty for assaulting an officer, but the Kelleys kept out of the police court for a whole six months thereafter.

D. C. Colman of Brookfield asked me if I had known of credentials being sold at state conventions. As he has attended three constitutional conventions during his long and useful life, and many political ones, I figured that he was the best posted man on that subject. "I was amused," said he, "that at the last Republican convention at Concord, which nominated Mr. Floyd for governor, one of the Carroll County towns was represented by no less a person than Hon. Frank Streeter of Concord. Too bad that aspiring statesmen of the standing of Streeter and Doctor Gallinger should get turned down at home and have to resort to such methods to break into conventions they are supposed to dictate as the party bosses. Looks a great deal like that Scriptural wisdom that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," or words to that effect.

THE SNOW FOR MINE.

They were plowing up in Bungy,
  So the daily papers said,
It was warm enough for June bugs,
  Though the grass was sere and dead,
    They were plowing up in Bungy in December,
The first snow of the season
  Had melted from the hills,
And the brown-tails and the beetles
  Had begun to feel the thrills
    That should call them from their winter ante-chamber.

All along the road to Bungy
  There are frozen tracks today
'Neath the snow that followed after,
  E'er the papers had their say.
    There are frozen tracks left there last December
And I blessed that balmy thaw
  In a way almost profane,
As I straddled through the mire
  Words that bring the blush of shame
    I had to use—I couldn't help it—please remember!

I wish to say to those smart Alecks
  Who will hustle out and plow,
Just because a dirty streak
  Falls across fair Winter's brow,
    A dirty streak of August weather in December!
I don't give a "tinker's dam"
  For this outrage on the season,
It's entirely out of order,
  And I say, though it is treason,
    Send along the snow and fireside's glowing ember!

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

Troublesome Neighbors.—What a Kid Notices.—Mr. Brown's Stock.—Mud and Morals.—Fortunes While You Wait.—Uncle Joe Cannon.—A Little Nanny-goat.

A gentleman who lives over beyond the far end of Lake Wentworth, as you go toward Brookfield, has been troubled for some years by his near neighbors. The family consisted of a half dozen children, a hard-working wife and a drunkard. I'm glad to say that Carroll County is pretty free from this class of biped, but our friend who, for good reasons shall be nameless, was sure he had one for a neighbor. He is a light sleeper, but he might have been as heavy

a sleeper as the seven celebrated sleepers of Switzerland, and it wouldn't have made any difference. The stunt of a drunkard is to put down liquor by elevating his elbow; to make a roustabout of a decent citizen; to put luxuries into the liquor dealer's family and to withdraw necessities from his own; to provide a fearful warning to the rising generation. Well do I remember, when a schoolboy, of poking my nose into the village saloon and rubbering at a bibulous individual, who on noticing "us kids" staring at him, broke out in a fractured voice: "Now all young people 'at looks at me, I ain't sh' thinksh sh' drunk I be." Of course, we knew he wished us to infer that he wasn't so drunk as we thought he was, but now after the lapse of thirty-five years I am firmly convinced that the gentleman was a good deal drunker than he thought he was! But to return to the drunkard in question. In his frantic efforts to make himself more kinds of a nuisance than a drunkard usually is, besides licking his wife and abusing his children and making the vicinity hideous with unmelodious noises, he would wake up our friend in the middle of the night to borrow a corkscrew, or beg for a swig of hard cider, which wise people would save for vinegar. He was one of those fellows who would drink varnish if it was mixed with alcohol, and now that he has gone (my friend bought the premises and warned him out) an unwonted calm has settled in the neighborhood and my friend feels like the Psalmist did when he sang, "I'd rather dwell in a solitary cave in the wilderness than next door to a dum'd drunkard!" or words to that effect.

C. H. Brown of Water Village, or rather up near Beech Pond, has a fine herd of Devon cattle. The head of the herd is a four-year-old bull, as fine a specimen as I ever saw; he looked much like one that escorted me across a hundred-acre lot one time in next to no time, in fact, in the best time I ever made, and his bullship a close second all the way; his high resolve —"I'll go with you, with you,

all the way." And when I rolled under, or fell through, or flew over the stump fence, on the far side, I was not a second too soon, but Mr. Brown's bull is a very gentlemanly bull and wears jewelry in his nose and a dignified expression on his bovine countenance. There are five cows, two two-year-olds and two one-year-olds, besides three calves, and they are all registered stock, or from registered stock. Mr. Brown has a number of O. I. C. hogs that are worth looking at if you want to see a good thing in the hog line. I'm not stringing you, gentle reader, "hogs is hogs" in this neck of the woods and I've forgotten what the O. I. C. stands for. I think it's half Chester and, as the fellow said about the cow, the other half is just plain hog!

Going over Lord's Hill this year, near the base of Green Mountain, I was struck by the depth of the mud in the roadway. There is plenty of road material in a crude state lying around over here, but it hasn't been utilized yet, and a man who had toiled through from four to six inches of paste-like mud, ever and anon pulling off his rubber or throwing a shoe in his frantic efforts to extricate his feet therefrom, and could affirm that he did not swear, would be a curiosity or a liar. Maybe the fellow who went over my route ahead of me and assured my customers that I was not coming, thereby getting a very small part of my trade away from me, could perform the feat, for I am convinced that he is both, but no normal man would attempt it. It is just as natural to invoke the divine blessing on the roads in mud time, as it is to address a few forceful and pertinent remarks to a dodgasted tack hammer when you pound your thumb. It doesn't make the roads any worse, nothing could do that, and it relieves the feelings.

Speaking about the timber crop—lumber has dropped a little lately—there is no danger that Effingham will run out of pine for some years to come. Joseph B. Hobbs, a son of the late Jerry Hobbs, who in turn was a descendant of Maurice Hobbs of Hampton, N. H., the latter coming to

Effingham and settling on a spur of Green Mountain on a king's grant when the town was settled, left Effingham in 1873, at which time $200 was regarded as a big price for the Hobbs place where he was born; now he has come back to sell the old place for the lumber on it and has been offered $5,500 for it already.

The farmers of this wooden country have literally had fortune made for them while they waited, same as you might have your shoes patched, only some of them have sold out too soon and the fortune has gone to someone else. I know of several of the biggest wads in New Hampshire that were acquired in just that way; that is by exchanging a few dollars or their equivalent, for untold forest wealth in our mountain region. This leads to the subject of public ownership of the forest covered watershed of New England. I see by the papers that the secretary of agriculture and the interior are favorable to the acquisition of 6,000,000 acres, more or less, in the White Mountain region for a forest reservation, etc. President Roosevelt has spoken out in his message to Congress, and now that everybody is unanimous except Uncle Joe Cannon, who in his Rip Van Winkle stunt of "Fifty Years Behind the Times" has posted up a notice of "Nothin' doin'" and gone to sleep in the speaker's chair. I'm hoping against hope that someone will wake up the antediluvian, even if it took a "Cannon" cracker to do it.

Here is a little nannygoat (anecdote) about a deer hunter: He met Game Warden Wentworth one day last week and was asked by him if he had seen any deer in the neighborhood lately. "Yes, mister, I shot four myself last week," said he casually. Wentworth pricked up his ears, and jumping out of his sleigh, grabbed the man by the shoulder, "Look here, my man," says he, "perhaps you don't know who I am; I'm fish and game warden of the state of New Hampshire, that's who I am!" "That so," says the fellow. "That's nothin', p'raps you don't know

who I am? No? Well, mister," says he, "I'm the biggest d—d liar in Carroll County." And I believe that closed the incident.

1908.

What will you bring us, 1908?
  As we look on your face today?
We may see the lines that tell our fate,
  As we travel together our way.

You will bring us our hopes, dear 1908,
  You will bring us our heart's desire,
For each one's choice, be it small or great,
  Shall be theirs if they do not tire.

For you will be good to us, 1908,
  As the years that have gone before,
You will quench our thirst, our hunger sate,
  You will fill us full and more.

So we bid you welcome, 1908,
  Whatever the fruits you bring.
Oh, hasten, hasten, do not wait!
  Our servant, our priest, our king.

For you will be all we make of you
  In the range from heaven to hell.
A servant faithful, a friend most true,
  All hail, 1908! All's well!

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

Christmas Coming Large.—Union and Its Industries.—Balm-Elixir and Doc. Green's Nervura.

At this writing Christmas looms large upon the horizon, as large, in fact, as the headlight of the oncoming locomotive looked to the engineer of the other train in the

West Canaan wreck of last summer. It was in the deep darkness of a wet and foggy morning and the freight engineer was putting his long train over the road on a straight track and, as he supposed, a clear one. Suddenly, as he neared a covered bridge over the Mascoma River, beyond which was a curve and a hill shut off sight and sound, there shot from the bridge the headlight of the Quebec express, coming at the rate of forty miles an hour over the slippery rails. Both engineers sighted each other at the same instant, and in the fraction of an instant, if you know how much that is, or quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, the levers went clean over and two engineers and the same number of firemen took an immediate and unanimous sneak, no "boy stood on the burning deck" in theirs; no waiting for typewritten orders to evacuate their post of duty, and when one of the engineers was asked under oath how large the headlight of the approaching engine appeared according to his best judgment when he first observed it, he answered without hesitation or reference to memoranda that "It was as big as old Kearsarge Mountain." Well, Christmas looks that large to many of us just now. I've tried to remember as many of the fourteen young people that call me pa as I could in an appropriate way, and there are several others, not including a mother-in-law, which I never had, who will probably expect some misfit token of my high esteem. On the other hand I expect to get it in the neck myself. From covert remarks let fall, and innocent questions about my tastes in various directions, I infer that the push has designs on me that will eventuate on Christmas morn. This Christmas habit is as insiduous and seductive as the opium habit of the heathen Chinese. Many a time after I've made the circuit of the Christmas emporiums (the day after) and made the necessary exchanges for something equally as good, I've sworn a big oath that never again would I participate in the mad delirium of happy Christmastide. Let everybody

buy their own presents; they'll be more than likely to actually get what they want. But with the approach of next Christmas the same old fever would hit me up in the same old way; I couldn't any more get by it than a drunkard could get by the door of his favorite saloon. Really, I think the Christmas habit grows on us as we get older and the growth on our old pate gets thinner. All the advice I feel free to offer on this subject, friends, is to keep right out! Of course, you'll get a whole lot of stuff you can't use and you'll bestow a whole lot on your suffering relatives and friends that they don't want, but never mind, the Christ Child came preaching "peace on earth to men of good will." You and I belong to that class, and our humble efforts to supply each other with little knick-knacks, jim-cracks and Christmas follies, simply shows our good will.

During the past week I have visited Silver Lake, Madison, East Madison, Freedom and Effingham Falls, also Union, but when I thought to take the 3.30 train that has always run through from Wolfeboro to Rochester, I found they had taken it off. Curtailment is the order of the day, and the railroads have curtailed with the rest. By the way, some readers of the *Pioneer* complain that the Timetable is curtailed somewhat. Is this due to the general curtailment, Mr. Editor, or lack of space? I told "Anxious Inquirer" I would try and ascertain, and herewith perform that duty.

The Union industries — excelsior mills and machine shops — are practically closed down, and cheerfully waiting for some more prosperity, but taking this section as a whole it is not affected as much as many other sections are, because, as Cy Sulloway once said, all the industries he knew of was an up and down sawmill and two farrow cows. I would now inform the Honorable Cyrus that the up and down sawmill has gone out of business, but that the others he mentioned are still working full time. Balm-Elixir and Little Pitchers are also doing a good business, and with the

advent of snow everybody is sawing wood and cutting ice, and any dirty flings at Republican prosperity can be ascribed by him to low-down jealous attacks of the opposition.

In referring to Balm-Elixir, which is made by A. J. Hamm in the shop which the late John W. Sanborn built for a shoe shop in Sanbornville, and is a very excellent remedy for throat and lung troubles, I didn't insinuate that it wasn't a good thing, and you all know Little Pitchers is a good thing for Carroll County, and I shudder to think how you will ever get along without him when finally he fades away (he isn't incorporated, you know), but what I had on my mind was an incident related to me by a Moultonborough man, about an old lady who asked Doctor Greene, as she was anxious to try the virtues of his famous Nervura, if he was really and truly sure it would do her any good. "Well, madam," said the doctor, positively, "I certainly know that Nervura has done me a lot of good, anyhow; how many bottles will you have, madam?" I think the doctor was more benefited by Nervura than his efforts to break into New Hampshire politics.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

There are many gifts of Christmas
  Dear to every human heart,
May you and I not miss them,
  And may each one get their part.

But the best gift, dear, I reckon
  All other gifts above,
Is a gift not bought with silver,
  And that holy gift is love!

From the Christ Child in the stable,
  Heralded o'er field and fen,
Came the gospel of good tidings,
  Peace and good will among men.

And our souls may taste of Heaven,
  And to perfect life aspire,
As we live and breathe this lesson
  Of a weary world's desire.

For the long years make it brighter
  As it glows on history's pages.
'Tis the solace of the humble,
  The wise precepts of the sages.

So, my dear, with all our giving,
  More or less, as we are able,
Give sweet love, as gave the Father,
  With the Babe born in the stable.

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

Mrs. Jenness "Over the Range" in Eaton.—Rev. C. S. Murkland's Little Story.—Methuselah and Old John Folsom.—A Pedlar from Rochester.

Among the odd incidents noted recently by Little Pitchers is one in which a certain Mrs. Jenness, "over the range" in Eaton figured. It was many years ago and the orthodox worshipers up in Eaton and Freedom and the nearby towns had been stirred up somewhat by the advent of a new religious element, introduced by a certain Elder Bullock, and whose adherents were called Bullockites. They didn't believe in maintaining ministers on salary, but held their meetings around at the houses or in the barns of the various members. The orthodox people couldn't be accused of lavishing any too large salaries upon the shepherd of the flock, but the Bullockites didn't lavish any, on principle, and it was a case where principle and interest coincided. I can see some appropriateness in worshiping in a barn the Prince of Peace, who was cradled in a

manger; and possibly real religion wouldn't suffer much if hired shepherds were dispensed with—but what I started out to write about was the coming among the Bullockites of a singing school teacher. He arrived in the neighborhood about Thanksgiving, and called around on the people who had an idea they could sing, or would like to try, to ascertain how many would invest in the singing school. Mrs. Jenness had a daughter who was interested, but when the teacher came to talk the matter over with Mrs. J., she was "dead agin it." "No, mister," she said, "you may be a well-meanin' young man—I don't say as you ain't, but," and this she said very solemnly and a bit severely, "young man, I kin see jest where this 'ere singin' school 'll lead; it'll lead right into them ere foreign missions, an' I allers said we would keep our money to home; no, sir, I can't let my daughter go!"

And now I've got into this line, I want to repeat a little story told by the Rev. C. S. Murkland, formerly president of the New Hampshire Agricultural College at Durham, at a Grange field meeting at Sanbornton. He said a certain Sunday-school teacher had prepared her pupils for a visit by the pastor by telling them what questions they would probably have to answer. "Now, Johnny," she said, "you being at the end of the seat, he'll probably ask you who made you, and you must answer promptly, 'God made me'; and Willie, you sit next and he'll ask you who was the first man, and you must say 'Adam'; and then, Freddie, he'll ask you who made the ark and you must say 'Noah,' and so on." Well the pastor came in after a while and after working the customary remarks out of his system, happened to take notice of the class of little boys in the front row and he said just to show what apt scholars they were he would ask them a few questions, which he proceeded to do. Now Johnnie, or boy number one, had quietly slipped out and gone home or swimming, or somewhere, and so when the good pastor asked question number one of boy

number two, as to his belief regarding who was the primal author of his being, Willie promptly and positively replied, "Adam!" in no uncertain tones. "Oh, no, my little man," said the pastor, "Adam didn't make you, God made you." At this point Freddie held up his hand and snapped his finger vigorously to attract attention. "Well, my boy, what is it?" asked the pastor. "Please, sir, the little boy God made has went home."

This story reminded someone where I stopped recently of a Sunday-school up in Tamworth, some years ago, in which the superintendent gave out that it would be necessary for the scholars, among other things, to be able to tell who was the oldest man, and little Mehitable Smith had had the information whispered to her by the teacher before she went home, but Methuselah is a pretty hard word for a small miss to remember, and besides Mehitable stubbed her toe and fell down and tore her apron and scratched her face, and I don't suppose she was to blame for forgetting what the oldest man's name was, anyway. And after Mrs. Smith's righteous wrath at her daughter's carelessness had cooled a little, and Mehitable ventured to ask her timidly if she knew who was the oldest man, I don't know as she was to blame for snapping out, "Old John Folsom, you fool, you!" Now Mr. Folsom then lived up at Fowler's Mills and while he was somewhat aged, he never posed as a rival of the famous antediluvian, and if Ma Smith had ever thought that Mehitable contemplated springing her information on the Sunday-school with phonograph exactness, she would never have told her about John Folsom being the oldest man that ever was, for really, you know, he wasn't.

A pedlar man from Rochester
  By name Lorenzo White,
Went broke in Pennsylvania,
  If I got the story right.

And this was his ingenious plan
  To raise a little dough;
'Twas better than a yeast cake,
  Because he made it go.
A tenement he claimed to own
  On a certain street close by,
His name, he said, was G. W. Brown,
  And he never told a lie.
He let it to four different men,
  And gave each one a key.
He got the cash and vanished then
  Into obscurity.
A sad regret has gnawed his breast
  Ever since that far-off day,
Not to see that moving scene and hear
  What those four men did say.

THE THINGS THAT AIN'T SO.

I learned when I was little,
  And there was so much to know,
That the world was made in six days,
  Then I learned it wasn't so!

That an old snake spoke to Adam,
  Which caused a world of woe,
Because he ate forbidden fruit,
  Then I learned it wasn't so.

I was told about how Joshua
  Commanded sun and moon
To wait upon his bidding,
  When the evening came too soon.

Then science gave the pert ha! ha!
  To that astronomic show,
And informed me with assurance
  That the story wasn't so!

So, my dear, I often wonder,
  When I con the things I know,
Of them all, how large a number
  Are indeed and really so!

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

The Almanac at Fault.—Dear Old Mrs. Weeman.—The "Sassy" Bell Boy.—Old Fussy onto His Job.

A remarkable winter it has been. December, so the weather-wise tell us, was the hottest in many years, and January at this writing has not provided us with either the snow or the ice that are predicted with solemn certainty in most almanacs about this time. Though "a green Christmas makes a full graveyard," I do not see as there has been more than usual sickness this year.

In making my trip out through Porter, Parsonfield and West Newfield and over Acton Ridge, the past week, I found a few changes had taken place since my trip a year ago, but the one I noticed more than any other was the death of dear old Mrs. Weeman of Middle Road. I stopped there to dinner, as usual, and was made welcome by Mr. Weeman and his son and son's wife—yes, and the little Miss Weeman, who, I believe, had scarcely arrived on this scene of action one year ago. But the presence of the elder lady I missed, so dignified, so courteous, and so genial, and she is missed most sincerely by the wide circle who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

When in North Conway recently, I heard some interesting stories by a "Bum bellboy." At least that was what old "Gibbins" called him. Old Gibbins was rich as mud, but of a suspicious and belligerant turn of mind, which kept him in hot water most of the time. He arrived at Eastman's (which Eastman's doesn't matter, as there are more Eastmans than Smiths in North Conway, you know) in the early evening and, registering, he requested to be shown to his room "Not too far back, see!" was his ad-

monition to the clerk. The clerk handed the key to the bellboy, and with Mr. Gibbins a close second they started for the room. Up two flights of stairs they went and through a long passageway and Mr. Gibbins was muttering to himself and getting hotter under the collar every minute. At last the "pent-up Utica" broke loose: "Look here, you bum bellboy," he yelled, "where d'ye think you are taking me? Ye expect ter chuck me in a little six by eight under the tin roof, do ye? Well, ye can't work none 'er those rackets on me! I'm on, see! An' there ain't no bum bellboy can come them jimmy-rinktums on me, see!" They do say that there was a terrible time up there at Eastman's in which the bum bellboy, who was really a "cordy little cuss," and the pursy and truculent Mr. Gibbins figured largely. After this little business transaction had been completed and Mr. Gibbins became satisfied that the "bum" could lick him if he couldn't show him his room, they both repaired to the office, Mr. Gibbins by the roundabout way, in which he came and left a blue streak of maledictions all the way; the bellboy by a shorter cut arrived first and requested his pay and discharge. He was positive he was done, and he didn't want to wait for any red tape. "What's the matter?" asked the clerk. "Well," says the bellboy, "I just licked old Gibbins up here because he wouldn't go to his room, and he called me a 'bum bellboy,' and I don't take that from no man." "Oh, well," says the clerk, "if that's all, you go back to work, and I'll attend to Mr. Gibbins. I've wished some one would lick him for some time; you get a dollar extra for this, see!"

There are as many odd characters turn up at the mountain houses as you will find in an equal number anywhere, and exasperated boarding-house keepers are only human. One such, who ran a house up on the Saco some years ago, had had as a guest for a number of years a quizzical old gent, who was harmless enough, but was always poking

his nose into other people's business and thereby drove off certain guests who disliked giving up their personal affairs under the application of the "third degree." One day in the early summer the boss said to the clerk, "We'll be getting a letter from old Fussy pretty soon, and when we do you just write back and tell him we're plum full—no chance at all! Very sorry, you know, and all that, but don't let him come, see!" Next day came a letter from old Fussy; he was coming right along, no chance to head him off. Consternation reigned. "Look here," says the boss, "when old Fussy comes you put him up in that hot box next the chimney, leave the window up, and have the room plumb full of mosquitoes when he comes, and tell him he ought to have written sooner and that's the best we can do." Well, old Fussy came and they chucked him into the little room with the regulation apologies, and left him expecting any minute to see him prancing down to the office with blood in his eye, but he didn't come. When he did show up in the morning he wore a pleasant smile, and when the boss walked up to him rubbing his hands apologetically and protesting how sorry he was that some one forgot and left his window up, letting in the flies and mosquitoes, he waved his hands as though to brush it aside. "Oh, that's all right," says he, "they did trouble me some, but you see, I hived them."

THE BROWN-TAIL.

The brown-tail is a festive bird,
  He builds his nest on high, O!
And there he stays till he is stirred,
  He will not go and die, O!

I've scratched my head and pondered long,
  And asked of all my neighbors
Why such a pest is added on
  To the struggling farmer's labors.

'Twas hard enough, you will allow,
With bugs and worms galore,
To harry him to death, but now
They send him one pest more!

My gracious, if I had the power,
To end this imposition,
I'd chuck them all in half an hour
In the bottom of Perdition.

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

When Little Pitchers Has His Troubles.—Elder Hudson's One on the Presiding Elder.—Bill Jack Durgin and Daniel Webster's Oxen.—Isaac Copp's Hired Man and What He Had for Breakfast.

Sometimes Little Pitchers (with big ears) gets it where Aldo Meloon got his'n for something he didn't say, but ought to have said, and then again he is severely jumped on for mentioning something somebody thinks he ought not to have said. I had no idea my humble disquisition for the increase of the gaiety of nations, and efforts to point out the funny side of things were so widely read, till a few weeks ago when, in an effort to repeat a conversation I had with D. C. Colman of Brookfield, from memory, I put into his mouth a statement concerning the transfer of credentials from some one in Carroll County to the Hon Frank S. Streeter of Concord, whereby that gentleman attended the last Republican convention that nominated Floyd for governor, that he "gave the gentleman from Carroll County fifty dollars for his credentials and no questions asked." In view of the grave charges of graft and bribery that are flying thick and fast these days among the eminent states-

men of Boston, Brookfield and elsewhere, this statement without the proofs was eminently improper, and on second thoughts I wish to retract it, so far as Mr. Colman, Mr. Streeter, and I don't know who else is concerned; Mr. Colman didn't say it. Fifty dollars may have been mentioned in the course of our conversation, but not in that connection. I have been informed that the transfer of credentials to Mr. Streeter didn't cost him a cent and I am glad of it. I am also glad that so eminent a statesman, at that august assemblage that nominated Mr. Floyd, who was triumphantly elected by the legislature, thereby vindicating, according to Winston Churchill, Rose Pillsbury and Henry M. Putney, the glorious cause of reform, and incidentally continuing that eminent patriot, Henry M. Putney, at the head of that vigilant guardian of the people's rights, the railroad commissioners of New Hampshire, hailed from Carroll County. Carroll County has too long been ignored by the slate makers at Concord and Manchester, and perhaps this incident is the harbinger of still further recognition of the section of the state for which the aforesaid slate makers have seemed to have little use. We may even get a governor from old Carroll if we wait patiently. Who knows?

I have two or three notes that don't refer to anyone in Carroll County and I hope will not incite any libel suits: The first, and these have never been printed, was told me by Elder Hudson of Pittsburg, N. H. He said that in company with the presiding elder of his district (he is a Methodist) he was directed at a certain conference meeting to stop at the home of a farmer, who lived not far from the church, and on coming down to breakfast the reverend gentlemen were served with pork and potatoes for the first dish, and in fact that was practically the last dish, too. So after they had got their potato well saturated with pork gravy they discovered that the pork was in a sad state of decadence. It had seen better days. It smelled to heaven, fig-

uratively speaking, and the presiding elder gravely pushed back his plate, although desperately hungry, and Mr. Hudson also followed suit. The farmer's wife solicitously inquired, "Why, what's the matter, Elder, haven't you got any appetite for your food?" "Well, yes, madam," says he, "I've plenty of appetite for my food but no food for my appetite!" I suppose likely the reverend gentlemen afterwards got something to eat, as the one who told me the story had certainly survived, and there is always a way provided.

Bill Jack, otherwise known as W. J. Durgin, an elderly resident of Tilton, is one of the few men living today who have personal recollections of Daniel Webster, "the godlike Daniel," the great expounder of the constitution. As is well known, he had a farm at Marshfield, Mass., and another, now the property of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin, and at the latter he used to spend his summers. He also employed an agent at Franklin to look up farm stock for him. It was his custom to buy occasionally a fine pair of slick, well-matched oxen and send them down to his farm at Marshfield and later he would have them slaughtered for the purpose of sending down to Washington in the winter season and distribute the juicy steaks to political friends at the nation's capital. "Father had a nice yoke of spotted oxen," said Bill Jack to me during an evening spent at his house on one of my canvassing trips, "that Mr. Webster's agent said would probably take the statesman's fancy, as they were perfectly matched in spots and weight, so my father told me he would give me a dollar and a half if I would drive them down to Webster's farm, and if he didn't take them I had to drive them back. I drove them down and on arrival at the Webster place found Mr. Webster in the farm yard ready to look them over. He was delighted with the perfect match and fine fettle of the animals and took them on the spot, paying me for driving them also. I remember distinctly," said Mr.

Durgin, "that Mr. Webster had a mouse-colored bull from Hungary, presented to him, I believe, by a representative of that country at Washington, and this noble-blooded animal was in an adjoining field. Mr. Webster directed that the cattle be unyoked and turned into the field. I scented trouble, but he told me to go ahead and in a few minutes, as soon as the bovines had got together to compare notes, there was a mighty clash, and while Webster stood looking on, convulsed with laughter, the battle royal between Hungary and the Yankee oxen went on, not ceasing till the latter, with sundry blats of dismay, were driven flying to the lower meadow with the bull in victorious pursuit.

This is positively my latest, possibly my last, who knows? Isaac Copp, a prosperous farmer of Tuftonborough, in the years of long ago had for a hired man another Isaac, whose whole name is shrouded in mystery. This Isaac had a wife, a good and virtuous woman, who, for good reasons, was strongly opposed to the use as a beverage of spirituous and intoxicating liquor. Her husband, Ike, got his breakfast and supper usually at home — but not always. One morning Ike came up to Mr. Copp's somewhat the worse for wear. He'd evidently forgotten the precepts and admonitions of his other and probably better half and looked on the hard cider when it was darned hard, and to such an extent that he had a frowsy and raveled appearance, and Mr. Copp, suspecting that he had slept in the barn and left home before breakfast, asked him what he had had to stay his stomach that morning. "Same old dish, Ike," says he. "Mary Ann gin me a big mess of 'tongues and sounds' an' ye know I ain't partial ter fish. If ye don't mind I'll take a bite with you this morning." No doubt Ike is not the only man who has been treated to "tongues and sounds" by their other and better half and deserved what they got to boot. What do you think, gentle reader?

DECEMBER 20, NOVEMBER 28, 1862.

Just when the nights were longest,
  In the evening of the year,
When the cold was strongest,
  And Oh! the world was drear,
Out of the night unbroken,
  Out of the void so vast,
A sweet babe came as a token
  That winter should not last!

And through the years a-winging,
  From that far day to this,
The sweet child, maid and matron
  Has come and brought me bliss.
Just when my heart was lonely
  And hungering for love,
Love found me—loved me only,
  And I—I found my love!

So when the nights are longest
  I hark back to days of old,
Wherein they brought me treasure
  Better far than gold.
Your birthday, love, I mind me,
  Was the twentieth of December,
While old "Pa Time" did find me
  The twenty-eighth of November.

And after the years of waiting,
  Of happiness and of pain,
Of thirsting and of sating,
  Of losses and of gain,
Life brought to us our birthright,
  And drew our paths together
To walk anew the way of love
  That leads we care not whither.

NOTTINGHAM MOUNTAINS.

It is ragged and wild
Up in Nottingham Mountains.
And the hills they are steep
And the vales they are deep,

And the rock heaps are piled
Up in Nottingham Mountains.

There's a road running through,
Up in Nottingham Mountains.
It runs up hill and down
And over and 'round,
But the folks make it do,
Up in Nottingham Mountains.

My friend, if you stray
Up in Nottingham Mountains.
Pray heed this advice:
You'd better think twice,
And take a long day
For Nottingham Mountains.

These mountains consist of the North, Middle and South Mountains, and are very sightly and prominent objects in the landscape of southern New Hampshire. They are also known as the Patuckaway Mountains.

THE CORD OF LOVE.

Hasten, hasten, precious moments,
  Hallowed by fond thoughts of you,
Bringing nearer me the meeting
  With my darling one and true!

Life is brief at best, but loving
  Adds the zest that gives it joy,
And requiting for its sorrows
  Lends content without alloy!

Whether near or far we linger,
  There's a bond we each may feel,
Drawing closer, binding always
  With sweet loves divinest seal!

ENVOY.

As the needle poleward pointing,
  As the magnet to the steel,
So my soul is unto your soul,
  Your love's impulse so I feel!

KEEP THIS, MY DEAR.

My Sunshine! You of the tender eyes
  And heart aflame for me,
My thoughts of you are Paradise,
  Where God's sweet angels be.

And while I sit by my lonely lamp,
  In the flood of my soul's desires,
The tents of love in my heart encamp,
  And attune their thousand lyres.

For, dear, you are bread and meat to me,
  To my feet a garden of rest;
My comfort, and health, and security—
  Of my pleasures on earth the best!

So, darling, what may I be to you
  As we go toward the setting sun?
A companion kind, a defender true,
  Till the sands of our life have run!

All this, dear one, I will be to you
  For the sake of the love we hold,
Till the sun has yielded up his light
  And the weary world grows cold!

BUT THAT'S NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

I yearn for you, my darling,
  And wish that you were near,
So that I might embrace you
  And call you "Ducky Dear!"
But that's nobody's business
  Excepting you and I,
My darling, darling, darling,
  So let the world slide by!

My arms are aching for you,
  My soul must seek his own,
The loving chords that draw you
  Are sweet as any known.
But that's nobody's business,
  Excepting you and I.
My darling, darling, darling!
  So let the world slide by.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

Chapter Devoted to "Auld Lang Syne" in Colebrook, N. H., Where the Author Lived When a Boy.

COLEBROOK, N. H., June 28, 1908.

I'm stopping with E. D. Young (Allie) on Colby Street, which, thirty years ago, used to end at E. C. Wilder's in Colby's meadow, where the Maine Central depot and a long row of dwelling houses now stand. I'm writing for members of the granddad class, to which I belong, having been a member in good standing for two years and over, so if you don't belong, gentle reader, just pass this article along to grandpa or grandma,— they'll understand it.

I used to live in Colebrook thirty years ago. My father drove a freight team between here and North Stratford on the Grand Trunk. His name was "Pret" Claflin, and well do I remember the slogan of the teamsters as they would meet along the thirteen weary miles in summer's heat or winter's cold, a good-natured "He-yo-he, boys!"

Among the teamsters I remember were Fay Whipple, George Sargent, Albert, Ethan and Afton Titus, Jake Corbett, who drove for Sherb Merrill, and there were numerous others, while Canaan, West Stewartstown and Pittsburg had tote teams plying continually along the river road. Cattle droves were frequent sights, John Colby, Marshall and Willard Cooper being the drovers I particularly remember; while a dozen starch factories were sending their product in the late fall to market, and Enoch Kelsea and a number of other enterprising traders were buying and carring potatoes at North Stratford. I personally worked for the three men last mentioned, and remember distinctly at one time getting a drove of big steers on to the bridge over the Mohawk on Main Street in Cole-

brook village, when it went down with a crash, and two or three of the bovines got broken legs and had to be killed. I think the drove belonged to Willard Cooper, Jesse and Fred Cooper, sons of Willard, and business men of ability, the former being for years postmaster of Colebrook, with Willard, their father, have all these many years passed on.

As I came up the valley of the Connecticut through Columbia last week and noted the changeless hills and mountains, finally coming in sight of old Monadnock itself looming in all its forest-clad grandeur above the hills and vales about Colebrook, I couldn't help getting a bit reminiscent with myself. Here, for instance, is the house for many years owned by George VanDyke. A few years ago, when it was occupied by a foreman by the name of Marshall, Mr. VanDyke hired a riverman from Meriden Hill, so I am told, and the said riverman at the end of two days, getting word his wife was sick, left for home. When his wife got better it was too late to go back on the river, so our friend went at his spring's work. Meeting VanDyke on the road one day, he requested payment for the two days he'd been on the river, $5.00. "Oh, well," says George, or something that sounded like that, "I don't make any account of a little bill like that,— let it go," and that almost closed the incident, but our river driver friend had a card up his sleeve, it seems. Mr. VanDyke had some young pigs, valued at $5.00 apiece, at his farm, to which I have alluded, and on his way home Mr. Riverman called and got two of them of the foreman, Mr. Marshall, telling him he'd settle with Mr. VanDyke. When he saw the gentleman next he frankly told him he had got a couple of his pigs and was well satisfied with them. "Yes," says VanDyke, "they are $5.00 apiece, $10.00 for the two!" "Oh, well," says the gent from Meriden Hill, "I don't make any account of a little bill like that,— let it go, I'm satisfied."

But, gentle reader, this is a digression. As I come up the valley among those whom I don't find now are the

Martins, Lymans, Lull the peddler, Day, Keach of the older generation, Snow, the storekeeper at "Tinkerville," who was said to have refused to sell a remnant of dress goods one time because he "didn't want to be entirely out!" Then up near and above the old Columbia House was Hiram Hammond and several whom I didn't know; then the Locke family, of whom Frank Locke, Senior, was a noted auctioneer; the Fitts, Cones and Weeks. William E. Cone, now living, I remember as being the Columbia moderator of town meeting at the "Valley" when the Republicans were ascendant, which was most of the time. Then there was Sam Harvey, who owned a starch mill, I believe, and who used to have a close eye for valuable timber land that was sold for taxes when the assessors met at the old town house under the big elm tree near Mills Hobart's. Then coming on up was where Gilman Noyes lived, near the burying ground, and where he, in a fit of aberration, committed suicide after the death of his wife.

The next I remember were the homes of the Parkhursts, William and Downer, and Samuel I. Bailey, who had a large family of boys and one girl; then the Cooks, David and John, and the Wallaces. These were the families that sent children to the old red schoolhouse where I attended school in the early seventies. Byron Bailey, Albert Wallace and Charlie Keach, youngest son of Willard Keach at the "Valley," were the big boys at the winter term, and I believe gave Holland Kingsley some trouble to keep on his job. Among other teachers I remember was William Titus of East Columbia, and Ellen (Wallace) Cable taught the summer term. It was at a winter term, and I had got left when the boys' recess ended, and on coming in had to run the gauntlet of the "big girls," of whom Bessie Bailey, long since dead, was one. I had on a long "tippet" noosed around my neck, and this mischievous Bessie grabbed hold of the end of it and proceeded to swing me round and round a half dozen times. I finally got away

and went into school, much mortified, amid the laughter of the girls.

I think it was Jonathan and Asa Lang, two brothers, and their wives, who lived where Fred and Frank Lang now live. Then came, at the "Valley," the widow Jordan, Willard Keach, the Hazen Bedell mill house, where I lived with Edward Dimick, after the death of my stepmother had broken up our family. George Hammond, Roswell Hobart and Town Clerk William C. Buffington lived on the east side of the road running through, and Mills Hobart and Augustus Osgood on the west side. A quarter of a mile above lived George Parsons, where the Hampshire Inn now stands, run by his widow and son, Fred.

This brings us up to the beginnings of Colebrook village, where nine years of the eleven I spent in Upper Coös were passed. Right at the top of the little hill overlooking the valley, where "Gust" Osgood put in so many toilsome days clearing and draining the swamp, lived "Charlie" Thompson, who was said by a vaudeville artist who struck town in those old days,— I forget whether it was "Comical Brown" or Al Martz,— to be the laziest man in town, amid uproarious applause. He certainly was a very moderate man, but the story that he was too lazy to draw his last breath was finally exploded. Next to him was George Harvey, a genial and witty man, and then there was a break for a quarter of a mile or so, where William Loomis (a one time famous wrestler) and "Hez" Parsons, Senior, had meadows on one side of the road and pastures on the other. I used to drive cows through Colebrook's main street to those pastures, and I used to work with my father on those meadows in the summers of thirty years or so ago. "Hez" Parsons, I remember, had a number of young and thrifty elms alongside the road, and I had a sharp and shiny hatchet my father had given me, and while driving cows to pasture I thought it a fine thing to try the blade by hacking into the trees as I went along. Hez, by some

means, discovered who did the mischief, and there was a council of war at once, with me as the center of attraction. After I'd been labored with in the good old way, with a strap, it finally dawned on my mind that shade trees were not proper objects of attack with the woodman's axe or the cowboy's hatchet; but, gentle reader, if we keep in mind some of the foolish things we did when in our callow youth we won't, perhaps, be quite as severe with the rising generation.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

The Thirsty Ones. — The Fellow I Knew. — Brother Holden and the First Fruit Harvesters.

North Groton, June 11.

As I went up over the hill by Doctor Emerson's towards New Hampton last week my attention was rudely snatched from the beauty of the Bridgewater hills and the placid Pemigewasset valley by the appearance around a bend in the road of a bony old plug and an ancient top buggy, which contained two individuals I don't remember ever having been introduced to. They were rather florid-looking, especially on the nose, and one of them hung over the edge of his seat towards Sanbornton Mountain in a way which was perilous in the extreme. The other gent was not quite so dead to the world and gripped a black pipe in the side of his face with great firmness. He reined up his horse and I stopped also:

"Say, Cap," says he, "how far is it to Bristol?"

"About two miles this way and one mile that," says I evasively.

"Kin ye get anything to wet yer whistle over there, pardner?" he anxiously inquired.

"All you want," says I. "Leastwise I got all I wanted, and I just came from there."

"Do you mind tellin' us where yet got it, Cap?"

"Oh, not at all," says I. "All I ask is that you fellows don't give me away."

After I had got a pledge of secrecy I proceeded to carefully enlighten them, as follows: "Go down through the covered bridge and up through the square, past the bank, to a building where there is a sign that reads 'Musgrove Printing House.' Never mind the sign but go right in and around in the press room you'll get as nice a drink of town water as there is in the state of New Hampshire."

"Aw go on, you old pie face!" says the chap wearing the pipe. "I'd rather get drunk three times than drownded once!" and he jerked up his horse and drove off swearing —I don't know what for.

I knew a poor fellow just turned twenty-one, the idol of his mother, the pride of his father, the joy of his sweetheart, who was soon to be his wife. With a chum or two he went to celebrate his birthday by a little fishing trip "out Magalloway," and like many another foolish one took along a bottle of the hell water that destroys body and soul. Poor lad, he got drunk once, only once, but he died tangled in his anchor chain at the outlet of Umbagog — and he won't be the last one who didn't have a chance to get drunk three times before he was drowned once!

New Hampton was unusually busy with its annual commencement exercises when they finish up their school year. " 'Pears like their commencement comes when their finish ought to." I poked off up the river in a boiling sun, and after some hasty calls at Ashland took the train to Bridgewater, where I stopped as usual at Brad Nichols.' Then I went up to Hebron, which is sleeping restfully at the head of Newfound Lake, and afterwards scaled the Groton hills, coming out at West Rumney. I discovered Spectacle Pond this year for the first time. It hangs half way up a hill-

side, and the oldest inhabitant says that there were once two ponds with a bridge of land between but that a great storm years ago tore away the strip of land and united them.

Over in Rumney near the First Fruit Harvesters religious settlement lives a Mr. Holden, and he is a good man to lend things, as his Fruiter friends fully tested, but one day when he wanted to borrow a tent for the use of the local Grange he was informed that said tent was consecrated to the use of the Lord and couldn't be lent to the Grange.

It was not many days before the Harvesters needed a horse hoe and one of them approached Brother Holden on the subject of the loan of his. "Look here," says Brother Holden, "that hoss hoe is consecrated to the use of Holden but"—as he winked a wicked wink—"take it and go along!" All of which goes to show that people who need favors shouldn't be too fussy!

BUSINESS PICKING UP.

Don't get a fit of twitters
  Because the business bottom's gone;
Just calmly take your bitters
  And splice a new one on!
Don't mope around and mutter—
  Blues for breakfast and for sup—
But just get outside and hustle.
There'll be business picking up!

Don't hang on to your silver
  Till you make the eagle "squork;"
Never mind the Wall Street panic
  Down in Little Old New York!
Just keep your money moving,
  Doing business every day,
Sound the tocsin—Something Doing,
  And the clouds will roll away!

WAYSIDE NOTES.

A Few More Reminiscences of Colebrook Thirty Years Ago.

During the seventies Austin Jordan and Alf Bennett, the latter coming to Colebrook from the Magalloway, out through Dixville Notch, built houses on the east side of Main Street, coming north, and then came the home of Henry Eastman, father of Albert, the well-known Berlin banker. "Black" Dan Stevens, who advertised furniture and added "understand distinctly we don't mend old chairs," came next (he would sell you new ones, however) and then came Elman Williams' store and the schoolhouse. Poor Williams! A brighter, smarter or more genial man never lived, but Colebrook people need not be told of his financial troubles, his flight to the woolly West, his arrest and eight years in jail, his subsequent life at Warren, N. H., and death there, a suicide by hanging, two or three years ago; and I have not forgotten Jennie and Jessie, his winsome daughters, who attended the village school. Out towards Titus Hill a few rods was "Rob" Jameson's blacksmith shop and a street was cut through the hollow to the other Titus Hill road, on which lived Elisha P. Hicks, captain of the Colebrook militia company, and Abram Garfield, others building there later. Coming up Main Street on the east side were Uncle Jesse Forrestall and later the building of Riley McAllister, one time landlord of the Monadnock House (he sold to "Tom" Rowen, I think). In this building "Uncle Eben" Little kept store until he was so blind he couldn't see to make change, and I'm told that the boys used to fill his till up with internal revenue stamps and brass buttons in exchange for candy and cigarettes — no not cigarettes. Thank God they did not have them in Colebrook when I was a boy. The old

town hall stood next and then the Parsons House, first run by Sam K. Remick, and afterwards by bustling, affable Frank Bailey. It is said of Mr. Remick, who had had an extensive and varied experience in many lands, that figuring from his off-hand accounts he must have been about four hundred years old. But, gentle reader, there are few affable conversationalists of whom the like could not he said. I remember the Michael T. Holden temperance crusade, which swept Colebrook and was strenuously opposed by Albert Barker, editor of the *Sentinel* (a temperance man himself), but noted for being "agin" everything that was popular from principle. Kind old man that he was, I believe now that it was really his love for the under dog that prompted him, whatever may have been his sentiment toward the Colby ram that interviewed him, so we are told, in the rear-over in Ethan Colby's pasture one time. Ah, those were the strenuous days! Sam K. was converted and rolled his liquor into the street and emptied it, and for a time Colebrook was the dryest sort of a dry town. Mr. Remick's sons, among the most brilliant citizens of our state, have, I believe, been prominently identified with the temperance interests ever since.

The block of stores between Parsons and Pleasant Streets on the east side of Main have been burned out several times in thirty or forty years, but I remember them about in this order: Dudley Block (for many years a vacant corner), Eustis' hardware store, Hi Young's grocery, Volney Day, dry goods; Lovering's drug store, old Doctor Hartwell's drug store. Doctor Hartwell was the bald-headed old gentleman, very deaf, who on the night of a greenback rally at the court house addressed by Cy Sulloway and John G. Crawford in the late seventies presided, and as Cy was talking and had the glass of water in his hand, the old doctor, being dry, proceeded to drink out of the pitcher. I wonder if the long congressman from the first district remembers the incident! Then came

Gamsby's block, where Mrs. Gamsby and Wentworth and Capen kept store; then D. N. Chadsey, jeweler; and on the corner Cooper's store, previously Francis B. Crawford's, or Crawford and Pitkin. On the next corner north was Pitkin's residence, then Henry Tewksbury's and then the shop where Sumner Cummings, Charles Huntoon, Stanley Phillips and Roswell Danforth, who came to Colebrook from Pittsburg, did business as painters and carriage workers. Just across the Mohawk stood Bedell's block, in which he and Myrick Marshall and afterwards Uncle Lucius Parkhurst, who married Angelina Lovering, the odd little schoolma'am, after an extended courtship, kept store; then came Merrill's store, Sherburn R., who, with W. E. Drew, was a famous trader and starch man. Among his teamsters on the North Stratford route was "Deacon" Alf Alls, dry as dust but always joking. A colporteur distributing Bibles once asked Alf to be directed to the home of a certain "Brother" Hodge, and Alf dryly added to his direction that as Brother Hodge was gone from home it was an excellent time to call. "Sir, I'd have you know I'm not that kind of a man!" replied the colporteur, very red in the face. "Oh, ain't ye?" says Deacon innocently, as though he hadn't the slightest idea what kind of a man the colporteur had in mind. Squire Shurtleff and "Arc" Cummings came next, which brings us to Beaver Brook, upon which Charles Rolf's mill stood; then on the hill above were the homes of the Dickmans, Rolfs and Milton Harriman. Mr. Harriman was a cobbler and possessed an unusually large nose. His son Frank was a boyhood chum of mine, but I won't spoil one of Uncle Fitz Rolf's good stories on that account. Uncle Fitz says he overheard Frank and Darwin Lombard, just kids, of course, discussing the merits of their respective dads. Darwin had succeeded in convincing Frank that his dad had the most money, but Frank said he didn't care a darn, his dad had the biggest nose, and when he grew up he was going to have one just like him. Wonder if the boys remember it?

We've been the length of Main Street on the east side; the west side was mostly residential. Ira Quimby, Will T. Phillips, the Jeremiah Russell house, John N. Claflin's house, where C. C. Carlton afterward lived, Wash Annis place, Bart Chamberlin's, Rob Jameson's, the hotel, a dwelling house, then Colby's store and residence, then Seneca Merrill and Doctor Lombard; beyond Bridge Street came Hez Parsons', where the telegraph office was located, George Gleason and his blacksmith shop, then Hodge's store, F. B. Crawford's, the Congregational Church, the old hotel building, afterwards much remodeled, old Uncle Gathercole, father of Ben and Robert, then Mr. Mackey and the Donnelly boys, Mike Monahan's blacksmith shop, Parsons' grist mill, run by Tom Shattuck, and Willard Cooper's residence made up the west side of Main Street. I lived at different times in the house my father built facing Lombard Street, on the shore of the pond before the "Hollow Road" was built down across the "dug way" brook, and afterwards on Bridge Street, where my father made brooms and sold them through the neighboring towns. Down on Bridge Street, where it crosses the Connecticut, was a toll bridge with a gate to it, and George Legro, son of "Marm" Legro, a shiftless youth, got drunk and lay in the toll bridge all night, and when someone asked George if he didn't feel cold in there he averred that he "was some till he got up and shut the gate, when there was no trouble!" Hi Young's store, previously mentioned, was the "meeting-place" for all the old-time checker players, David Heath, Willard Cooper, Edward Dimick, Uncle Enoch Rogers and Seth Terrill being experts. Seth was a jovial old veteran of the Civil War, and when we boys organized the "Merrill Cadets" we had him for a drill master, but the organization came to an untimely finish, owing to the fact that Merrill didn't come down with the stuff to buy the uniforms, "by Godfrey!" But about Seth: He was playing a very earnest game of checkers, accord-

ing to "Uncle Fitz," and a man had disturbed him once or twice by inquiring how his mother, a lady of eighty, was getting along. Finally his questioner got his attention long enough to inquire if he thought there was any hope of the old lady's ultimate recovery. "No, bug Gawd, I don't," says Seth as he shoved another man into the king row, "her age is d—dly agin 'er!"

Harry Gleason and my dad had charge of most of the public buildings in Colebrook at one time when a quiet Fourth of July was desired, way back in the seventies, and Allie Young and myself and several other boys will exonerate them from all blame for the fact that every bell in the village got a tremendous clanging in the early morning. They didn't know it was going to happen. Wonder if the last Fourth was any like it! My father didn't object to a good time, as the fact that he organized and led the "horrible" procession, dressed as General Put, amply attests. Speaking of Harry Gleason, he was a man who always had a job for a boy, helping him out. He worked for "Rat" Lombard, who kept a lot of cows in his big barn on Pleasant Street, and I helped Harry milk one night. He gave me a pail and a young heifer and a milking stool, and I got next. I was doing quite well, thank you, extracting the white liquid, when something happened. I cannot give a complete account, but there was an upheaval of young cow and I felt myself hoisted bodily against the side of the stable. I got up, as that was evidently the next thing to do, and after some coaxing succeeded in getting her cowship's hind feet out of the milk pail, where they were both firmly planted. Harry finished the milking.

There are stories enough to fill volumes of the days and the people in Colebrook of thirty years ago, but we have not the time to tell them, and perhaps it is just as well. Life is a changing scene in which we move a few brief days and pass on, but life continues and other men and other scenes will be forever on its stage.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

A Traveling Man's Opinions.—Wilder Suffering from an Attack of Overprosperity.—The Folks that Lived on the Road.—Why I Visited Dame Hill.

THETFORD, August 6, 1908.

Must be Claflin's opinions of Claflin's yarns are interesting, or there wouldn't be so many requests for more of the same. My trip for the *Gazette* this year has been an uneventful one. The heat has been terrific, or in the slang of the times, "sompin fierce!" and the drouth the worst in many years. Speaking of drouth reminds me that thirty-three states have "gone dry," whereat the prohibs rejoice and the other kind find irrigation difficult or impossible "when they can't get snow to eat!" I have been asked about four hundred times who would hold down the presidential chair at Washington for the next four years, and it's one of the exquisite delights of a traveling man's existence to answer such fool questions in as many different ways as possible, so as to stimulate the conversation. If your interlocutor is a disciple of Andrew Jackson you want to solemnly assert your unalterable belief that Bryan is to have his innings this time if — if — if— Billy Hearst does not rip him up the back with his independence league! If your questioner seems to have an Abraham Lincoln-Teddy Roosevelt glitter in his eye it will improve your chances of swapping papers for coin of the realm to give it as your deep-seated conviction that Taft will have an opportunity to carry out the cherished policies of the grand old party if— if — if — Harriman and the other malefactors of great wealth don't interfere. I don't know whether Taft made his peace with Wall Street in the secrecy of his private closet or not. "God knows!" But — and, breth-

ren, I can't make this matter too strong — whichever of the big Bills gets elected there'll be a million "undesirable citizens" voting for Gene Debs this fall, in spite of fate — they don't know any better!

I was in Wilder, Vt., this week. Wilder is suffering at present from an attack of overprosperity. Everything is shut down tight as a drum, and all the way from one month to three years is given as the probable duration of this state of things. A mountain of pulp wood lies in the company's yard, estimated at three hundred thousand cords, and it would seem as though with the water to grind it up flowing over the big dam to waste, it would be profitable to grind up this great mass and make it into paper before it rots. If Uncle Sam were running the industries, as the ignorant Socialists propose, seems to me he would take care of so much material and might take a little interest in keeping the unemployed, of whom there are millions today, at work producing what our great nation needs — needs as much today as it did a year ago, when it pleased our lords, the capitalists, to keep the wheels of industry a-whizzing.

Maybe my friends of the *Gazette* are not interested, however, in so small a matter as the unemployed problem, and the utilization of the nation's resources for the benefit of the people, so I will pass that for a while and devote a few lines to the country road upon which I used to live forty years ago. How many can remember who lived there at that time? Beginning at Marshall Woodward's, near the Lyme line, and Aunt Lydia's, the latter of whom, on one occasion, when Dea. D. C. Churchill was passing the contribution box at the Congregational Church at the "Plain" threw in an unpaid note, saying, "There, let's see if you can cheat the Lord as ye have me!" Coming up to the next corner was Squire Hewes and Wright Hewes, his son, who recently died at an advanced age, and whose son Frank now occupies the farm. Then came "Nigger" Dunbar, who afterwards bought a farm in Quint town on which

was a large lot of valuable lumber for six hundred dollars, and after logging it for ten years sold what was left for four thousand dollars. Across the road was old Mr. and Mrs. Clough, who lived to celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary — in great poverty, as some of us have to live too long under our capitalistic system. Then came the Webster place, back of which on the brook stood an up and down sawmill. Next was the "Sodom Hollow" schoolhouse. Of course I can't remember all the boys and girls who went there, but I was one, and there was also my brother and sister, Howard and Bell, then there was Neelie Warren, who lived at Deacon Storrs'; Eph. and Brewster Skinner, Zeb. Alden and another Alden boy, Moses Prescott, Clarence Kenney, Fred Warren, the Webb boys, the Woodards, and others, whose names have got misplaced in my think-tank at the present moment. I think there were Stanfords living where Mr. Henchett, Senior, now lives, and a man named Ray lived where J. B. Henchett lives; then came Newt. Warren, George Skinner, Deacon Storrs, John Claflin, Preston Claflin, Old Man Evans, and Geo. F. Sawtelle, where Tax Collector Morrill now lives; then Squire Farnsworth, which brought you to the gristmill and Grant Brook beyond, which was Lyme Plain. Wonder how many of the houses that skirt the wide and shaded plain are occupied today by those who lived in them forty years ago! Not many! What is true of Lyme is true of any town.

I visited Orford early this week. Sunday Mountain lies about central in the town and looks like a little brother to old Mount Cube, and upon its broad shoulder, near the Dame Hill burying ground, I happened to have a wife stopping; that's why I visited Orford, and I put in an hour overtime cutting up across the Langdon Norris farm and out by the Whitman place, where I swiped a few apples in passing. The ethics of this proceeding are as follows: Stealing apples consists in taking them when some-

one is looking; otherwise it is a plain swipe and don't count, but it's a mighty mean cuss that will shake the tree and take more than his pockets full!

I was over at West Fairlee, Vt., also this week and called on Brother Colby, a correspondent of the *Gazette* and a hustler. He is an insurance agent, mine promoter, real estate dealer and live man! He showed me several specimens recently taken from the abandoned Ely mine, which he intends submitting to Tom Lawson, with a view, if possible, of interesting that versatile gentleman in promoting the copper industry of Vershire once more. I hope he does—I'm afraid he won't. Brother Colby, however, has some pronounced opinions regarding the ruthless and unnecessary dynamiting of the mine property by order of its owners, the Westinghouse crowd, and I agreed with his views perfectly.

I have noted among other things that the hay crop is very light, owing to the severe drouth, which has only just been broken. Potatoes bid fair to be small and few in the hill; corn is looking good but needs rain to fill well. Apples are a fair crop and on the whole farmers are as well off as the rest of the community that is still suffering from the hard times. Many, however, anticipating short rations this winter, are disposing of their extra stock.

Can't say when you will hear from me again.

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Heart Yearns. — Saco's Fair Vale, and the Spiney Maple Worms. — Hedgehogs. — Skunks as Good Eating. — Cloudburst in Carter Notch. — A Brave Kid.

My heart yearns for the mountains—
The blue New Hampshire mountains—
  Where the Saco river is born.
But more I long for the valleys—
The beautiful green valleys—
  Filled with their grass and corn.

For the clouds caress the mountains,
So far and high are the mountains,
  The home of the night and the storm.
But my friends I find in the valleys,
Friends, old and new in the valleys,
  With a greeting kind and warm.

August 12, 1908.

Brother Snyder of *The Reporter* was cruel enough to insinuate that I had other and more mercenary motives than those indicated above. I will not quote his exact language, but he gave you, dear readers, to understand it was the dough I was after, and my yearn was mostly for spot cash. Brother Snyder ought to be ashamed of "them e'er" insinuations of his, as you all know I never grab any more than is in sight, and whenever I go through a man I do it with a cheerful smile, like a dentist extracting teeth "without pain!"

Saco's fair vale, I am happy to say, looks about the same as usual this summer, except for a large brown patch upon the side of Kearsarge, which was accidentally burned over a few weeks ago, and several other frayed-looking streaks clear round and well up the base of that and other neigh-

boring eminences, where the "spiney maple worm" and a disreputable fellow worm of the dust, whose name I shall not inflict on my readers because I can't pronounce it with safety, has chewed up the hardwood vegetation with great industry and perseverance. Last spring it was the pine tree that was suffering from a pest or blight that threatened the extinction of the white pine altogether, and just as we got our breath and began to feel easy about that along comes this green cuss with the jaw-breaking name and lays into the sugar maples, the beechwood, and even the yellow birches, that we thought were too worthless to support any self-respecting pest. Who says that the ways of Providence are not wonderful and beyond finding out? We simply want to lay in a good big supply of bug poison (for external use, of course) and grit our teeth and be ready for "what next?"

As I got up into Dundee, "the land of mountain views," I came across the little Alpine cottage of Ed McAllister's from Waltham, Mass. This cottage is just being finished up on a hill slope, capable of accommodating fifty or more, where the views of Moat, Bartlett, Thorn, Doublehead, Kearsarge and other mountains, and the vale of Saco, are lovely and grand in fair weather and enchanting when the elements, with clouds and winds and hurrying storms, are working their lightning changes upon the landscapes. Mr. McAllister is a pioneer in Dundee, but I'm predicting that others will be locating there as the years go by, and I haven't any choice lots to dispose of either.

Mr. E. M. Dinsmore, where I stopped Tuesday night, is an enthusiastic lover of hedgehogs — dead ones! And he said he thought they had killed out several hundred hemlock and other varieties of trees for him in the last couple of years. We got to discussing the subject at tea-table, and the Lynn schoolma'am told us that there were states in the Far West where they never put a bounty on hedgehogs because they saved people's lives sometimes when lost

in the wilds and starving. They kindly consented to furnish the wanderers with nourishment till help reached them. With all due respect to the hedgehog, I think I'd rather die! I am something of the mind of the Frenchman, who was telling about the merits of a skunk as an article of diet. Says he: "Firs' you ketch you skunk, den you skin off his in'ards an' you take out his hide, den wash her good an' plenty and put him on de oven an' bak 'bout two-t'ree hours. When she's all done brown put him on de table, an', gen'lemen, I jes soon have piece chicken!" So would I!

Charles F. Fernald, who lives up near Doublehead Mountain, on the farm near where he was born in 1831, his father having bought and begun clearing it the year before, could tell you many a tale of the days of yore if he had time, but I caught him swinging a scythe in his rye field the other day in a manner indicating that though seventy-seven he is a busy man. Mrs. Fernald, at seventy-nine, is efficiently doing the housework on the farm for the family of three. She was in Manchester, N. H., sixty-three years ago, at the time of the Parker murder, and was one of the few who were never suspected of having committed the crime. Mr. Fernald told of how his father used to spend the winter evenings fashioning hardwood oars, which he would take to Portsmouth in the spring to barter for the necessities of the farm, such as graphophones, dumb bells, Indian clubs, automobiles and electric burglar alarms. I suppose, of course, he had to be up-to-date, but Dundee and Doublehead Mountain are still without telephone connections, and really I don't know what the folks up there find for amusement during the long stretches when they are not anxiously "waiting at the ding-blasted 'phone." Sure, most of them fritter away their time with good magazines and daily papers, but that isn't half as interesting as gossiping with your neighbors or "rubbering!"

Jackson people, around Jackson City, believe there was

a cloudburst up Carter Notch way last Tuesday, August 11. The Wildcat River rose three or four feet in twenty minutes, and parties who were blueberrying in the Notch valley report that the storm there was appalling and that from a riverlet over which they walked dry shod upon the stones in the morning the river became a roaring flood at noon. Down at its junction with Glen Ellis River two boys and a young man were in swimming and the flood overwhelmed them so suddenly that they barely had time to climb up onto a big rock in midstream, and they "barely" stayed there while the wild torrent rolled by. After a while a rope, with block and tackle, was swung across the stream and the bathers (the boys couldn't swim) were passed ashore. The Widow Willis, two miles upstream, had her cream comfortably cooling in a big tin can in mid-stream when the flood struck and when the widow went to look for it it was bobbing along down stream at two-forty gait. Mrs. Willis had fully decided not to have cream for tea that night, but fifteen minutes later her young son, a lad of a dozen years or so, walked in, dripping wet, with the cream can under his arm in triumph, and (now milkmen from the city who own a pump will scarcely believe this) there wasn't a drop of water in it. Her young son explained modestly how he "hiked along down stream and somewhere near the first bridge, ma, I seen it whirlin' round behind a big rock an' I just jumped in an' grabbed it an' the water lifted me an' the can right off the bottom an' whirled us around, an' I grabbed holt of a branch an' it swung me up against the shore out of the current, an' I just crawled out an' hiked back home!" The widow would have thrown seventeen fits if she had known; but she didn't till it was all over.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I long for the tongue of an angel,
  A pen that is dipped in flame,
To tell of the love that I bear you,
  You of the hallowed name.

Your's were the loins that bore me,
  Your breasts have nourished my soul,
And bright the blue skies hung o'er me,
  Where the clouds like an ocean roll.

I love you, my mother! my mother!
  So kind, so benignant, so true,
With a love that I bear to none other,
  My heart and my soul yearn to you!

From your mountain that towers above mountain,
  That are lost in an endless maze,
To your sea and your far northern border
  Lies the land that has charmed all my days.

The great world is wide and amazing,
  Filled with sights that are mighty and grand;
But I turn from them all, my New Hampshire,
  Your call is my soul's sweet command.

I've followed your beautiful rivers
  From their hill gaps all down to the sea,
I bathed in your lakes and your fountains,
  So familiar and pleasant to me.

I've list to the birds in your wild woods,
  Watched the wild things creep through the briar,
Heard the night birds that call 'neath the starlight
  When the bear is asleep in his lair.

Your hills and your mountains I know them
  As friend knows the features of friend,
And forever they rest in my memory
  'Till memory shall come to its end.

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Aroostook County Potatoes.—Short of Help.—Political Opinions.—Mr. and Mrs. Snyder and Their Southern Stories.

I was telling a friend of mine over at Epping Junction that Aroostook County was preparing to flood the market with 12,000,000 bushels of real, *bona fide,* boneless potatoes, and he cheerfully gurgled that the crop was short around Epping and "hoped they'd send those potatoes down that way." Twelve million! And all for Epping! How thoughtless! Epping would be buried so deep it couldn't dig out in a year, and as for eating them, provided they "kept," Epping couldn't eat that many in five thousand years. The great problem of the hour is how to get those tubers into market. Solve that and potatoes need not be over fifty cents per bushel this winter. What is true of potatoes is true, more or less, of every commodity that is counted among human necessities. It is distribution and not production that is the world's great problem.

When I arrived at Bartlett yesterday I found a gang of Italians digging up the street and talking pig Latin to each other while preparing to lay a new water main. The work had to be done, and it was a solemn fact that Yankees could not be found to do it. Irishmen who are not holding down more genteel jobs on the police force, at the bar (both kinds) and many other professions and callings, are scarce indeed; while an occasional Frenchman or German would aid in this kind of drudgery only as a boss. In a few years the "Dagos" will be running our fruit stands and restaurants and we shall have to import Chinamen and apes to dig up our streets and lay sewers.

I have been asked to express my opinion of things political so often the last few days that it really seems like as

if an election must be approaching. The ladies usually ask the most foolish questions, but I think perhaps the men don't know any more about the political situation — only they don't expose their ignorance quite so much. When it comes to answers I think mine will match up pretty well with the questions. I offered to bet a gentleman named "Cy" up the Wild Cat River that Debs would be elected president by the Socialists before Bryan was by the Democrats, and he didn't take. I'd like to add one thing more: If Billy R. Hearst, who operates the "Dependent League," hadn't been beaten for governor of New York two years ago he would now be supporting Tammany — Tom Taggart and the whole mongrel aggregation, and Bryan would have at least a ghost of a chance of an election.

Trouble with Democracy is it's too scrappy over a choice variety of deep convictions, while the Republican party hasn't got any that would interfere with its present pursuit of office. It will bellow with rage at the obnoxious trusts and the "malefactors of great wealth," while the political hippodrome and the eye of the public is upon it, and later will feed tamely on peanuts and hay from the hands of its lords and masters— those same trusts? Politicians, my dear friends, are "all things to all men" by the advice of St. Paul, for votes strictly, and they never see any good in principles as such, nor in hanging onto any that don't meet with the approval of the men who finance their campaigns. It is likewise no trouble to one of these gents to revise them as he goes along to meet the occasion. Before I forget it, allow me to refer to the coy attitude assumed by Messrs. Pillsbury and Quinby in their efforts to attract the attention of the gubernatorial office "seeking the man." Each is very sure he is the man! I hear also that a Boston gentleman named Greenleaf is whistling pretty loud of late with a similar purpose in view. Many (think they) are called, but few chosen.

I stopped at "Ren" Bryant's, near the junction of the

Swift River and the Saco, on Wednesday night and among his boarders were Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, the latter having spent many years in Virginia, and its "colored brethren" and their crude notions were touched upon. "On one occasion," said Mrs. Snyder, "our family physician was traveling along a country road on a dark and starless night, with a lantern and a bright reflector fastened to the dasher to light the way ahead. Suddenly on passing a bend in the road he became aware of a serious commotion in front. 'Lord ha' Massy! Lemme go dis once. Oh, de good Lord sabe us! Lord deliber us!' Halting his horse the doctor asked the huddled group in front what the trouble was. 'Is da you, Marse Doc? We dun thought it was the dibble come to catch us sure.'" "Another time," said Mrs. Snyder, "my Aunt Phillis overheard a couple of old negro women discussing something down at the spring house in decidedly quarrelsome tones, and as it was a quiet Sunday morning she went down and asked them if they did not think it was out of place to quarrel so on a Sabbath day.

"Aunt Hannah volunteered the following explanation: 'Well, Miss Phillis, it's des this-a-way: We's been 'sputing 'bout Brudder Johnsing, de Baptis' colored minister down at the fo cohners. He's don' run'd off wif Brudder Jones' wife an' lef' his own wife an' six chillun, an' Chlo here she say he's an ole rascal.' 'Well, he is,' said Chlo doggedly. 'An' I says,' went on Aunt Hannah, 'dat I don't believe she's got any right for ter say dat erbout no ordained minister, an' I tol' 'er we'd des leave it ter you, Miss Phillis.' 'Well, Hannah,' said Aunt Phillis, 'I guess Chlo is right. I'd certainly call him a rascal, whether he is an ordained minister or not.' 'Dar,' exclaimed Chlo triumphantly, 'now what you gwan ter say, Aunt Hannah? I tole you he's des a low-down, no-count niggar, and Miss Phillis she say I'se right.'"

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Wanted, A Postmaster. — The Funny Train-Boy and the Newlyweds. — Philbrook and Barnes at Mud City. — The Song of the Corn-Huskers.

WANTED — A postmaster; no experience necessary; no questions asked; object, to retain at all events the time-honored postoffice established and run for so long by Ithiel Clay, Esq.; salary is no object, or at least, not so's you'd notice it very much, and one of the chief emoluments of the office is reading the post-cards and local papers free of charge. Seriously, Chatham people are very sorry that Mr. Kimball, who has acted as postmaster for several years, is contemplating giving up the job soon, and someone with pure and philanthropic motives will have to sacrifice themselves on the altar of Uncle Sam's service or there won't be any postoffice in Bing — we mean Chatham.

I was bowling merrily along over the yankety-yank and slam-bang railroad the other day, on my way to Shattagay, where I was going to "worruk." The conductor had enthusiastically ripped seven extra miles off my suffering pass book (not a free pass, gentle readers) for the benefit of indigent and crippled railroads. The train boy had given us a short selection on his basso, entitled "Mago-zeens, 'Smut Set,' 'Heverybudy Works,' 'Bucks,' 'Fudge' an 'Yeller Cats,' 'Great Goose'; all the latest, just out three weeks ago," when the train stopped so suddenly at the Epping Corner station that the said official of the road came near falling backward with his pile of "Mag-o-zeens" on top of him. This would have been rather rough on his official cap and brass-buttoned coat, which were really the most conspicuous part of him. Then through the door came a young man and woman; I really don't know which came

first. He was very red and somewhat sweaty and she was dark, with nut-brown hair — I mean it was not brown, but almost, and she had black eyes and a fluffy ruffles hat, and after them and over them flew a cloud of rice and little bits of colored paper. Why is it people will be so foolish — as to throw rice, I mean. It might get into one's ears or mouths or eyes or nose and cause lots of discomfort. But the cheerful idiots will throw it and what the matrimonial recruits don't carry away with them the station man sweeps up enveloped in a cloud of sky-blue profanity. As usual on such occasions the train was full, except the seat occupied by a red-headed, stubby-mustached old bach and the one I held down, which was a wall seat at the end of the car. Obviously my seat was not fit for them, but after they had stood up a while and that red-headed lobster had neither "seen his duty nor done it," I got up and waved the blushing pair to the double seat I occupied, murmuring at the same time that I did it cheerfully, as I had once been married myself. I said it pretty loud and a ripple of laughter pervaded that end of the car. This pleased me, but the swain looked as though he would like to punch my face two or three times real hard. That's what a gentleman gets for being courteous.

At Mud City (North Fryeburg) two gentlemen, by the names of Philbrook and Barnes, were adding to the gaiety of the Republican campaign "down in Maine" by blowing off a lot of hot political atmosphere in Red Men's hall. My wireless telephone may not have caught the message right, but I'm willing to have it corrected by the official stenographer at a minute's notice if I don't see him first. Philbrook was really full enough to "Phil" the old Saco and from his opening sentences he breathed such strong enthusiasm he held his audience easily. He said in part: "Feller citizens, we have come together this evening to rescue the state of Maine from the ruin that would follow if our opponents win. After ten years of unexampled

prosperity the mere fear of a change of administration caused the awful panic of last fall! Think what would happen if our opponents should win in November! Think some more, my feller sufferers, and resolve that Maine shall send forth to an anxious and almost paralyzed nation no uncertain sound! Remember while the administration was struggling to get another thirty million fine fastened onto the Standard Oil Trust and wasn't really looking, the maple worm and the brown-tail moth were spread among us by the Socialist and Anarchist, at the instigation of William J. Bryan, and you know and I know that most of our vegetation is all chewed up, and God knows what will happen next!"

At that point my wireless machine began to twist violently and I realized the crowd was trying to murder a campaign song, entitled "God Knows — You Have My Sympathy."

When I passed through Stowe, a man busy cleaning bricks where a brick house was burned three or four years ago told me a little story, illustrative of the methods of an up-to-date insurance company (it hasn't failed up to date, at any rate). It seems their agent insured the brick house for a poor widow for the magnificent sum of $700. After she had paid her premium on that sum for several years a fire got started one day in the main part of the house and the whole roof was ablaze before it was discovered. Every sliver of the woodwork was burned, but the brick walls, evidently much to the surprise of the insurers, refused to burn. They sent agents to examine these extraordinary bricks and report to an adjourned meeting of the full board, whereupon it was decided that two hundred dollars should be deducted for the bricks. Think of it, ye men who are toiling and sweating to raise the dough to pay for fire insurance! Bricks won't burn — a cast iron stove won't burn. Call in your suave and genial agent and have him take an inventory of the things he will pay for and the

things he won't, in case of fire — or maybe it's only poor widows and orphans they save these little surprise parties for any way. I've always heard that the big corporations were very solicitous about the welfare of widows and orphans and this may be one of the ways they have of showing it. Fryeburg corn shops running full blast.

THE SONG OF THE CORN HUSKERS.

Mary and Jennie and Lucy Ann,
Husking sweet corn as fast as they can.
Milky white as corn can be,
Never a red ear can they see!
John and Tom and Ichabod, too,
Working together and helping you.
What care they, red ears or white,
It's all the same from morn till night!

But much these huskers care by day
To husk for fun—they work for pay.
Four cents a basket—keep your checks
It means a bushel and two pecks.
But when the day's long toil is done,
Then is the time, fair maids, for fun.
Then John and Tom and Ichabod, too,
Shall play the part of men for you.

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Grover's Ship Came In. — My Friend Jenks. — A. W. Anderson of Fish Street and His Heirlooms, Not "Made in Germany." — Local Correspondents Wanted.

I called on my old friend Elden Grover of Green Hill the other day and casually inquired about the financial stringency of which Elden had complained a year ago, when

he told me that as soon as his ship came in he would proceed to liquidate his indebtedness to the local paper. He informed me that the stringency was just as stringent as ever, that his blamed old ship had come in but it was bottom side up, just as he expected!

A little way further on Mrs. Almon Hill told me that where the maple worms had chewed the vegetation from the apple trees new leaves and also apple blossoms had developed. I noticed that beeches and maples had also thrown out new foliage. The maple worm is neither bashful nor dainty and strips yellow birch, beech, maple and apple trees, and will not refuse oak when there's nothing else in sight. Brown and white ash, poplar, balm of Gilead, and a very few other woods they skip, but I expect the other "boarders" are coming right along!

I have a friend at Conway Center, who, for obvious reasons, I'll call Jenks. Jenks owed the local editor something, of course I won't say which one, and called in one day to settle. The boss got out his little book and placed his forefinger on the index page while he cheerfully asked to know his visitor's name. "Jenks," said he, "oh, Jenks of Jackson?"

"No, sir, Jenks of Conway Center," protested our friend.

"Look here, Jenks," says the boss, "you must be Jenks of Jackson; he owes me $14 and the one from Conway Center don't owe me but $2!"

And still Jenks couldn't see it in that light. Funny how stubborn some people are!

As I have stated on previous occasions, I am a great lover of the antique. I'm not married to it, as some folks are (my wife is three weeks younger than I am), but when I called on A. W. Anderson upon Fish Street, Fryeburg, he called my wandering attention to some heirlooms that were not "made in Germany" for the American trade, but were the real article. Mr. Anderson is aged seventy-eight, and the son of Edward Anderson of Windham, Me., and

grandson of William Anderson, whose shining epaulet worn in the state militia, and whose neatly kept ledger books in his old-time country store, when rum and molasses were equally legitimate commodities, looked as fresh as they did in 1785 to 1808, during which they were kept. There was also a pewter porringer from which his great, great grandma ate her porridge hot and her porridge cold, so many years ago. There was also an inlaid black walnut box that came down from — from — from Ireland.

There now, I've said it, and you can make the most of it! That box and that porringer and great, great grandma Anderson all came direct from Ireland, and don't you forget it!

They didn't come from the north of Ireland, "bein' really Scotch," but they were really Irish, and as Mr. Anderson isn't "mealy mouthed" about saying it, why should I be?

Passing through Brownfield, "as the crow flies" when he ain't too dopie, I called at Wentworth's blacksmith shop. He wasn't there but I found him in the barn with a clothes wringer and a wash tub, shelling beans. He's an odd fellow and this was sort of an odd job, but, gentle reader, if you think you can't shell beans with a clothes wringer, you just try it, that's all. The wringer makes a first-class battery and the beans were flying all over the barn, but you can stop the most of them if you are good at catching flies.

The new town hall and Odd Fellows' building at Snowville in Eaton is nearing completion and will be ready to use at the November election. The Odd Fellows will fit up their own quarters in the upper part of the building later, and it is going to be a credit to the town. Some Snowville residents are marketing their butter and eggs in automobiles, I'm told. The way will be smoother sailing when flying machines come in vogue, but you bet Eaton farmers are bound to keep up with the procession in any case.

When I struck Madison, in the vicinity of Six Mile Pond, I also struck some state road. I expect this state road wasn't finished, as it was a long, dusty stretch of rocks and gravel, but the bridge just built by Enoch L. Drew at a cost of $875 is as well constructed and fine-looking a structure as I ever saw for the money, and is so placed as to straighten the road considerably. At this point I distinctly remember coming through about thirty rods of overflow in the frozen winter time a year or two ago, and if the new state road will remedy that, we say it's money well expended.

Speaking of roads reminds me that the one between Redstone and East Conway consists mainly at this writing of two wide ruts about six inches deep, the same made by the thousand automobiles that have traversed it. One thing is certain for autos, we must have solider and wider roads than we have at present, and it is not fair that the town, county or state should bear the whole cost. An extra automobile tax should be levied, and, gentle reader, after I mortgage my house and get the necessary credit to sport round in one I'll cheerfully ante up for that purpose.

Local correspondents, a word — just a word with you. You don't know with what avidity the old homers grab the local paper when the postman leaves it at the door, and how anxiously they run up and down its columns for news from Bennett Street, Mud City, Fish Street, Weeds Mills, Shattagay, Buttermilk Hollow and Albany — I almost forgot Albany, but not quite. Dear old Mrs. Blackey, eighty-five years old, and still faithfully sending out to a waiting world the state of the weather, the condition of her cabbages and tomatoes, how she's been and how the neighbors have been. Oh, you'll know it, gentle reader, when the frost has bitten the pumpkin and the sweet corn's in the shop, and also when she's gathered in her usual " 'tater crop." And, by the way, if you happen to know of anyone who wants to buy that little old sewing machine of the vintage of '74, send them along!

But don't forget your items! It am what sells the paper every time, not the slush and nonsense contributed by

Yours truly,

S. F. Claflin, *"Our Agent."*

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

A'nt Fannie Stillings as a Newspaper. — What I Saw on a Trolley Line. — Troubles of a Postmaster.

One of my customers this week said that the local paper I was industriously trying to sell her reminded her of A'nt Fannie Stillin's. "Whenever A'nt Fannie passed through the neighborhood everybody knew all about what was goin' on an' they didn't need any paper." I, thinking she had missed my point entirely, suggested that "An't Fanny" was dead some time since.

"Huh!" says she, "plenty of 'em left!" But, still, who wants to depend on the erratic trips of some neighborhood gossip for the news when you can get it all in cold type once a week?

As I passed along a trolley line last week that reaches through Rockingham and Hillsborough Counties, in a district that is quite suburban, and noted how the stately elms and oaks were changing color under the mild influence of the festive brown-tail moth; how the ruddy and golden fruit on the Baldwin and russet trees were showing prominently since the maple worms had chewed off the foliage, the scent of the potato rust smote my nostrils through the open car window and occasionally a grasshopper or some unknown bug, to which I had never had the formality of an introduction, would land in my open mouth or eye. I

repeat, as I passed along I got glimpses of the places of the effete farmers and their neighbors, who have moved out into the country following a yearnful yearn for the truly rural life (say it quick and it sounds nice).

Now there was Bughouse-on-the-Bog, Camp Muskeeter-on-the-Neck, Sanatorium for Fresh Air Fiends and other harmless lunatics, Boozy Meadow, Oozy Brook Farm, Cat-in-the-Well Springs and Pismire Knoll Cottage. Of course, I can't remember all the names I saw and maybe some of them I didn't, but there were a lot of others, and it is a great fad to have your farm named and put it on a sign out by the trolley line, but I judged that most of them were hen farmers just out from town. After a bit of experience, and, on the quiet, they'll probably get it also. It works, dear reader, about his way: First year, stung on a two-hundred-dollar farm; four hundred dollars down, balance six hundred dollars, mortgage six per cent., tools, fixtures, repairs; hens, three hundred dollars; enthusiasm great. Fortune all made, but the selection of a bank deposit. Second year: Pip, blind staggers, foot and mouth disease, tick-dolo-roo, lice and wind-galls break out among the birds, which refuse to lay except when dead, but will set on the slightest provocation door knobs and broken bottles, while the incubator turns out baked and rotten eggs with great cheerfulness, and a few orphan chicks. Some doubts as to future success on part of hen farmer. His wife says she told him so in the first place (they all do). Third year: There isn't any — the mortgage takes the hen farm and the hen farmer takes a situation on an agricultural journal as an expert — it pays better and isn't half so hazardous.

Then some other gudgeon comes along and Gurgling Brook Poultry Farm is changed into Sunnyside Hospital for suffering cats — and so on.

When I was up Skinner Corner way I heard a story that reminded me of the man who wanted to fight the postmaster

for refusing to hand him an answer to the letter he said he had sent to his wife's mother, and then found it where he had forgotten it, in his own coat pocket! Uncle Amos Fales (that isn't his name) lives not far from the post-office and is quite a dog fancier. Some time ago he wrote a letter to a man in Ohio, asking about a breed of dog that gentleman dealt in, and as the days glided into weeks and he got no reply he informed the patient postmaster that something must be wrong, as he "wrote the man's full name and put 'Ohio' onto it and he didn't see why he didn't get an answer." "Did you put on the name of the town?" asked the postmaster. "No, by gosh! I never thought of that," says Amos as he meditatively scratched his ear.

Amos sent to Rochester one time for a lot of lumber and sent the money, but neglected to subscribe his name at the bottom. It wasn't long before the postmaster got a letter of inquiry from the lumber firm. Amos was sitting near the stove, chewing a toothpick and guessing on the political situation, as viewed from Skinner's Corner, when the postmaster stepped around the counter, adjusted his spec's and read: "Postmaster, Skinner Corner, N. H. Dear Sir: We have a letter from your office ordering a bill of lumber, with cash enclosed. As there is no signature attached we write to inquire."

"I swan-ter man ef I didn't go an' forget ter sign that letter!" broke in Amos, and the mystery was solved.

The crooked stick method of finding water has been vindicated. A gentleman over near Tamworth Iron Works got an expert to travel round over his second-growth patch on the hill above his residence until the mystic hazel twisted downward in his hands; there he set his men to work digging. When I visited the place they had a hole big enough for a cellar and twenty feet down into the hard pan, but the living spring hadn't materialized. There's water there, however; never doubt that; a witch hazel

won't lie. A man in Concord drilled through 1,200 feet of Concord granite and found abundance of it — we mean water, of course. If you have good courage all you need is a witch hazel stick and plenty of cash.

S. F. CLAFLIN, *"Our Agent."*

GRINNING JACK.

He grinned at each calamity
  That landed at his door,
And guessed how bad it "might-a-bin,"
  And then he'd grin some more!

His children had the measles,
  His wife she had the mumps,
His mother-in-law had phthisic,
  And they all were in the dumps!

But Jack just grinned and took it
  As an awful funny joke,
Without a frown upon his phiz,
  Nor a grumbling word he spoke.

But when a boil upon his neck
  Had festered good and plenty,
The neighbors said it served him right,
  He growled enough for twenty!

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

A Relic of the Revolution and Other Relics. — A Dry Year. Gene Libbey and the Tip-Cart Yankee. — S. Q. Merrifield's Old Book. — A Joke in Strawberries.

The sere and rugged hills of Brookfield appeared just as rugged, and perhaps more so, when Little Pitchers got off the train at "Pike's" the other day and meandered up

toward the "Corner." Little Pitchers was decidedly hungry when he struck J. F. Robinson's "kopje" (that's South African for ranch, I believe) and he was a trifle uneasy when Brother Robinson offered to show him a Simon pure relic of the Revolution. Mrs. Robinson was away and hence there was little prospect that immediate attention could be given to that all-gone feeling he carried around under his ample vest.

If it had been the relic of a Thanksgiving dinner, now, the feeling would have been more reassuring, but Little Pitchers had a reputation to sustain. He's a connoisseur (expert) on relics and things that to the ordinary eye would seem but so much rubbish. So he tightened up his waistband and called for the relic. It was four feet and ten inches long and had an iron ramrod to ram home the powder and balls. The stock presented a ragged fracture tied with some ancient tarred twine, where the butt of the old flintlock gun had toyed with the heads of the hired men that old King George had sent out to put down that little rebellion which originated in a tea party at the port of Boston a hundred and thirty years ago, more or less. Ebenezer Neal, brother of Mr. Robinson's grandmother, was the man behind the gun, and he lived for many years after the war was over to enjoy the freedom and to appropriately celebrate the independence of these United States in which we live.

P. S. This was before John D. had got his strangle hold on "our" national resources and begun to arm our public school scholars with rapid fire and gatling guns, so they could protect "our" vested interests against possible mobs and violence.

Only kids and dupes take an interest in burning powder to celebrate the "Glorious Fourth" now, and the relic of the glorious Revolution, when our fathers dared oppression and entrenched political monopoly to do its worst, really filled us with sadness. That, however, was not really

filling, so you would notice it much when we sat down to the A1 dinner we get annually at Sam Hutchins' place.

Do you know, friends, this is the driest year since anyone can remember? Well, it is, and it is not uncommon to meet people on the road lugging water for drinking, or for the stock, half a mile. We are inclined to joke about so many towns going "dry" this fall and now we can't even get snow to eat; but when the women folks and kids have to get out and lug the precious liquid and it takes half of one's time to haul water for one's stock it's not so funny a joke as it looks to be.

December first this year was as rare as a day in June, and considerably hotter. Sixty-seven in the shade was the record. I wanted to sell my overcoat, but the next morning I decided I needed another one, as the thermometer was flirting with zero in the Arctic wave from "nor-nor-west" that fanned the hills around Water Village.

The Syrian who deals in Yankee notions over there got married recently, I'm told, and as there weren't girls enough to go around he sent all the way to Syria for a better half, and it cost him a good round sum, they say, to complete the job, which he did by meeting her in New York and marrying her at the immigration office.

The extent to which our national life is being impregnated with this foreign element is startling and would cause us (whose sires came over a few years earlier) to stand aghast.

Gene Libbey, who runs a stable over in Manchester on Hanover Street, the other day stepped across the street to the postoffice and in so doing ran across a tip-cart man. "For heaven's sake, man," says he, "how many of you fellows are there in Manchester?"

"Well, sor," replied Pat, "they be four Dagoes, wan Jew, t'ree frogs, an' siven av us Americans!" and with these statistics he tamped down his pipe and moved along.

One of the most interesting books I have seen for a long

time was shown me by Sumner Quint Merrifield of Wolfeboro, who was born in the neighboring town of Ossipee, as was Ammi R. Quint, the owner and author of the book, and who died in that town more than fifty years ago and whose grave is near the road beyond "Frenchman's Hill," on the way to Duncan Lake from Ossipee Corner. The book is nearly two inches thick, with pages ten or twelve inches by six inches and would well repay the study of anyone interested in the affairs of long ago. The writing shows remarkable neatness and facility with a pen, as well as a deep knowledge along many lines for a man who had had but the most meagre educational advantages.

At George Tabor's at South Wolfeboro, where we stopped Thursday night, we had strawberries for sauce. They were the little wild variety that takes a dozen for a thimbleful, and we remarked that we never partook of them without a feeling of sincere pity for those who had to pick and prepare them for the table, which reminded Mr. Tabor of one on Ed Furber, who used to keep store at the "Bridge." Ed was all out of strawberries when George sauntered in and asked for a couple of boxes. Ed proceeded to explain in detail that he had some ordered, expected them, but some unaccountable delay had occurred and they would come tomorrow, etc. George then went out and stood on the sidewalk, and as friends happened along he "put them on" and passed them in to inquire for a couple of boxes of strawberries, and Ed had begun to find his explanation monotonous. His mind was suddenly illumined by a great idea. "Is that gor-rammed Tabor out there, sending you fellows in? I'll make him think there's strawberries on the moon, blamed if I don't," and he started for the sidewalk, but — Tabor wasn't there.

Yours truly,

LITTLE PITCHERS.

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

The Tale of the Man in the Road and Little Pitchers' Opinions.

The drought that has held a large part of New England in its grip for many months is not yet broken, but the rain of last Monday, the 7th inst., improved conditions on many streams so that machinery long idle was started up, but it is evident that very much more rain is needed.

I got in with a man who was driving toward Pine River, just beyond Duncan Lake, the other afternoon and as court was in session at Ossipee Corner our talk turned in the direction of cases in court — of which I never had one.

"I hope ye never will have one, my friend," said Mr. Mole. "It's a bad business. Years ago I had my first case; it was in relation to some shade trees on my land that stood near the road. I cut them down and parties who thought they were interested had me indicted, but it didn't amount to anything, only a lawyer's fee or two, and the matter was dropped; but this business I've got on hand now, my friend, is bad enough, bad enough!"

I saw the old man needed sympathy, so ventured to ask him whom his controversy was with.

"It's my own children, stranger. Think of it! I'd a done anything for them little kiddies when they was small. I've worked for 'em early and late; I've slaved and struggled to bring 'em up an' send 'em to school, an' see they had as good as anyone's children, an' brought 'em up till they were married and went away to homes of their own; an' I was proud of 'em, too. Good Lord, man, what wouldn't I do for them kiddies! I remember one fall when grain was scarce, an' grindin' at the mill didn't amount to much (I was running the Colket mill then) I had a good trade as

carpenter an' one mornin' when old Jim Champion, the stage driver, came along I hailed him an' told him if he'd take me an' my kit to East Wakefield I'd pay the score when I got back from Boston.

"'All right,' says Jim. And I said good-bye to wife an' the kids an' set off for East Wakefield. I knew the station agent an' he O. K.'d me to Boston all right, same as Jim did, an' that afternoon I was at work at my trade an' six weeks later I came home with sixty dollars in my pocket an' that made a happy Christmas for the little family, I tell ye.

"But things have changed since them days a whole lot. I've got a little property an' some time ago I had an uncle an' aunt die down in Maine, an', accordin' to the law sharps, I was left sumthin' near six hundred dollars. There's some evidence that that amount is about three thousand dollars shy, an' that's the meat in the cocoanut!

"My wife and the kids think the old man isn't capable of handlin' such large sums of money, an' they are kindly trying to take care of it so's 'twon't hurt me none. My wife she sides with the children, an' she's been away stayin' with my son George mostly for some time past, so I been keepin' bachelor's hall like.

"Well, one afternoon a while ago I was sittin' by the winder smokin' an' feelin' quite content with myself when who should I see drivin' up to the front door but George an' Clara, my wife. I didn't care to have any trouble, so I jest locked the door an' clim' the stairs an' waited. I heered George go around to the roll way an' in through the cellar, an' then I heered the cellar door bust open an' next I heered him tellin' Clara to help herself to anythin' she wanted. About this time I stepped into the room from the chamber way an' asked 'em to please get out, as I didn't want any trouble with 'em at all.

"Instead of that my son, he up an' hits me one under the ear an' the floor flew up an' hit me another. This

happened twice an' then me an' George kinder got mixed up, an' George, he testifies that he kicked me three times an' choked me some, and he avers that I acted kind o' wild an' crazy like, and wanted to fight him. Well, stranger, I admit that owin' to the entirely informal way he came in an' committed assault and battery on me I may have acted without the decorum becomin' a parent an' a husband, but didn't I have some reason?

"It's curi's what a lot o' trouble a little money will cause, an' I guess that windfall was more of a cuss than a benefit anyway."

Seems to Little Pitchers there's a good deal in that last statement. If we could properly measure our little span of life and learn how much more to be desired is family peace and the love of those who are near to us by blood and kinship than the possession of the bauble of wealth, it seems we would order our course differently more times than we do.

What a queer election this last one has been! The Catholic vote in the great states of New York, Ohio and Indiana, going for the Republican ticket for president and electing it, looks like he had made his peace with the Pope all right by giving seven million dollars to that bankrupt institution, the Catholic Friars of the Philippines. They were fat fryers all right! It shows that Brother Taft is an able pacifier, as well as the sleek way he explained his despotic injunctions to his great friend, the American worker. Who was it that P. T. B. said liked to be humbugged? In the opinion of yours truly it wouldn't have been any better for labor if W. J. B. had been elected, as he would have been, hands down, but for the Vatican deal.

Some sweet day by and by labor the world over will take a notion to vote for its own interests, in its own party — and then there'll be good times for everybody all the time; and that will be good enough for

LITTLE PITCHERS.

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

That Cold That's Coming to You.—The Electrics so Convenient!—My Friend "Say."—"Plow Always Follows the Team."—The E. Z. Mark.

FREEDOM, December 17, 1908.

Dear reader, have you had that cold that's coming to you this gay and festive winter time? No? Well, don't crow just yet, for maybe anon you can't crow at all.

If there's anybody who enjoys pumping hot air through their speaking tube, to a tune of cadient language, it's yours truly, but for a week past the harsh and unmusical sounds that I've been able to push out to a listening people have resembled the wheezy intonations of a foundered horse. Don't laugh; don't brag; it may be your turn next.

The electrics are a great convenience to the traveling public — outside of Carroll County — which doesn't possess any. I was at Dover the other day and, seeing a car headed for Somersworth, I got on and paid my fare, as I am not "little" enough to ride free. From the conductor I learned that to reach Rochester the proper way was to ride up about a mile beyond the "Y," where connection is made with the Rochester car, and stop at the car barn, where there is a waiting room and a warm fire, till he came back from Somersworth, when he would pick me up and take me back to the "Y" to connect with the aforesaid Rochester car.

I will here say that he told me the absolute truth, but about four minutes after he left a yellow car dashed by headed toward the "Y" and I got excited. A gentleman in overalls and wearing a three weeks' growth of whiskers and a T. D. pipe, being handy, I used him for an information bureau, with the following results:

"Yes, that car connected with the one for Rochester, sure thing. No, the next car didn't connect!"

"Curses!" and I grabbed my bag and sailed madly down the track towards the "Y," hoping to get there at least in season to see the Rochester car sweeping out of sight on the home stretch — but I didn't. In fact, there was nothing in sight when I arrived all out of breath; a little telephone box about two feet square, behind which I took up my position till I found it wasn't big enough to shield me from the fierce north wind that raced across the bleak hills directly from zeroland. Then a happy thought struck me. On the south side, upon which the sun was shining brightly, was the door, fastened by a halter snap. I opened this and squeezed in. Glorious! I remained here some fifteen minutes without freezing, and then the humming of the wires told of approaching cars. Cars? Sure, plenty of cars, three in a bunch. You could go anywhere you wanted to. After disengaging myself from the telephone booth I selected the car headed for Rochester and whirled merrily toward Gonic, certain that street railway arrangements are next to, if not quite, perfect down in Strafford County.

At Silver Lake I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend "Say." Mr. and Mrs. Say and young Miss Say all live here, less than a mile from the depot, and I was overjoyed at meeting one whose name is on every tongue. I have been addressed myself as "Say" many times, and, while I felt highly flattered, I had to deny the honor with what firmness I could command and modestly request them to use my right name.

The origin of this celebrated family is shrouded in the mist of the past, but the "Say" and "I Say" families are said to be connections.

In East Madison I called on my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Harmon, and, harking back to the days when they were employed on the Cartland farm at South Lee, Mrs. Harmon told a story illustrating the absentmindedness of

Uucle Jonathan Cartland, who lived here many years ago. One morning the old gentleman drove forth the cows to the pasture, a short distance from the farm-yard; but he got in an absentminded fit and, walking right by the cows that unheeded stopped to feed beside the way, he calmly put up the bars and went back home. What became of the cows we didn't learn. At another time, with a hired man and a yoke of oxen, he was plowing in a field and coming to the end of the furrow farthest from the road, he turned the oxen and started absentmindedly for the house across lots. The hired man let in the plow point and awaited results. When the old man got to the road, with a start of surprise, he came out of his trance.

"What! What! Man alive, what are ye way out here for?"

"Plow allers follers the team, boss," was the brief but comprehensive reply. And I suppose they beat it back to the plowed ground again.

Probably one of the most disgusted deer hunters of the present fall in Madison was a man who discovered a deer near his buildings a few days before the law went off, limping around on three legs (one having been accidentally lost or mislaid during the excitement of dodging ambitious shootists and game-bagging experts in the happy hunting season). If ever anything looked like an E Z mark that beautiful but unfortunate quadruped was it. Our friend got his gun with great cheer, while visions of venison a la carte, venison pie, steak and kidneys danced all around the barnyard. But although that deer was three-legged he was able to get around some, and either this elusive quality or sportsman's fright prevented our deer slayer from doing up his job in anything like the scientific manner depicted by J. Fenimore Copper in his entertaining novels. The deer, after serving as an extremely animated target for a reasonable time, during which he got one ugly dose of lead, started off toward Silver Lake on a business trip, with the

Madison farmer trailing along in the rear. Several hours later our friend from Madison reached the sandy shore of Ossipee Lake in season to see the deer quite a distance from the shore, headed for Pine River or Ossipee Pocket, and making excellent time.

My advice to a young hunter is to begin with two-legged de(a)r and you will hunt no other. Animals with three legs either have one too many or not quite enough.

LITTLE PITCHERS.

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

"The Day After."—Precosity.—Judge Wright's Decision.

'Tis the day after Christmas,
  I'm sorry to say;
Not a cent in my pocket,
  The deuce is to pay!
The fuss is all over,
  Perplexing and tough,
I hope the whole "gang" of them
  Got presents enough.
As for me, well, you know
  I never expect 'em
And let out not a word
  As to how to select 'em.
But somehow or other
  The gang—God bless 'em—
Get onto my small fads,
  Though I never express 'em.
My wornout old slippers
  Are changed into new;
For each ragged handkerchief
  I always get two.
My wants, few and simple,
  Old "Chris" will supply;
'Tis a happy exchange
  And it doesn't come high;

So I say to the world—
  And I say it in truth—
Old Chris is a blessing
  To age and to youth!
And sorry indeed
  Is the man, young or old,
Who thinks less of Christmas
  Than he does of his gold!

Speaking of Christmas reminds me that my grandson — yes, I have one — he's three years old next birthday, and very smart for his age (of course), and just a day or two before Christmas he was playing with his tin horn and the remnants of the drum he got last Fourth of July, when suddenly he became unusually quiet and my daughter, who is his proud parent, or perhaps parentess, as you might say, peeked round from where she was doing the family wash or some other domestic duty, and what should that blamed child be doing but using a vinegar tunnel and a piece of clothesline for a telephone, and he was telephoning to old Chris to beat the band. He wanted a whole lot of things, as most kiddies do, and finally he got along to the modest request for a little red sled with a deer on the top of it, to slide on in the near future. At this point his paternal grandmother, who was also listening, in a loud whisper says to my daughter, "Can't you get the little fellow one down at the store?" and she nodded back that she could. The little kid, it seems, had his eye on his ma, and noticing the approving nod proceeded to inform Chris as follows: "I say, Santy, 'oo needn't bring 'at sled; ma says she'll get one at 'e store," which was helping old Chris out some.

Quite a lot has happened since the election entrenched the Republicans in power for four years more. John D. has been assured that he don't have to obey the mandate of a court to the effect that he must pay a fine for illegal acts, amounting to $29,000,000; and that served him right for playing such a scurvy trick on the Republicans as to climb onto their political band wagon a few days before the elec-

tion. How mad that made the gentleman of the stuffed club! Also the labor leaders (unhappy wights), who saved their votes by dividing them between their enemies, have got theirs, which was coming to them, where the chicken did. It was near enough to Christmas to be called labor's Christmas present.

The temperate and conciliatory language used by Judge Wright (who may possibly be wrong) in handing out that dose reminds us that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." He was "suttinly" mad clear through. They put Gene Debs in jail for a year when Cleveland was president, and he came forth a full-fledged Socialist. How would it be if a jail sentence for "lese majeste" should operate the same way on Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison? Teddy ought to get his facts about socialism together now as quickly as possible so as to smite down the spectre before the working class become inoculated with the virus of its horrible teachings of peace on earth and good-will among men, which would be the ruination of modern business and the capitalist system. Slowly but surely labor is learning its lesson and Judge Wright, from his pinnacle of brief power, has but added another precept. Let not his martyrs whine for pardon, but acquit themselves like men! It is glorious to be heroes of an epoch-making struggle that can only end in the emancipation of the workers of the world from wage-slavery and make them the sovereign arbiters of the destinies of their own world. The world their labor creates and that to them by right belong. So mote it be.

LITTLE PITCHERS.

LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES.

How the Other Half Lives.— What Was Bothering Carroll County People.

January 5, 1909.

This is from your uncle at Ossipee Valley, otherwise designated as Bear Camp and stigmatized as Jehosephat, and used to be Freesilverville by the genial Jerry Goodwin, who has several names not down on the map for every station from Conway Junction to Intervale. I have just been filling up at Farmer Moody's on real hominy and milk, which I haven't had before for many moons. Corn is healthful as a food in any form, except distilled (which form was never intended for either food or drink), but its merits in the form of hominy are not half understood. I have to order it at our grocer's, but the base imitation put up in pound packages that I have had handed out to me make me tired. Real hominy, let it be understood, is a coarse, very coarse, meal, with the fine sifted out and the hulls skinned off, and cooked until it is done. That's hominy; the kind our grandfathers ate, and with pork and beans and potatoes, apples and cider and steady habits, made them live long lives and happy ones. Your toasted wheatlets and shredded biscuits, and egg-o-see and grapenuts and other distressing contraptions are not to be mentioned in the same class with the real food of the olden days.

A man traveling around as Little Pitchers does comes to know how the "other half" lives at first hand, as I stop wherever night overtakes me, and hence becomes familiar with many families of varying degrees of materal wealth. I stopped a few nights ago at a black and forbidding-looking one-story farmhouse, standing somewhat back from the road, with a small barn and out-buildings near it. Under the moonlight it looked grim and uncanny, but when I

entered the warm and inviting kitchen and caught the smell of good things cooking on the stove, I reconsidered a hasty determination to push on a mile further, and decided that here I would stop, provided, of course, the absent head of the house on his arrival didn't put a veto on it. He was an ox teamster — a tall, bronzed woodsman. I expected a few choice but expressive phrases, such as most of the craft use in their hard and laborious vocation. But he had a voice and manner as gentle as his estimable wife, and she was as much a lady as any in the land.

That evening I listened to a dozen or twenty Columbia records on a phonograph, and all but two or three instrumental selections were of the variety known as sacred music. The old familiar hymns that made the rafters rattle in revival times and solaced the anxious souls of the disturbed ones at the mourners' bench—well, now, you may not believe it but Little Pitchers rather liked the change from the highly seasoned rattle-to-dash selections supposed to caricature various unsophisticated members of society, whose manners, while not cultured, generally possess the merit of sincerity. So when in the morning, before our early but well-cooked breakfast, my ox-teamster friend and his estimable wife, who have put two children through the high school at Milton and have another now there, found time to kneel down and unite their simple, but practical prayers for the things which concerned them and for good things in general, I was not surprised, but I must admit that this wholesome practice is not common. Far too many order their days about as the dumb animals do, and in following inclination rather than a sense of duty are never really satisfied or happy. A certain amount of the element called religious is desirable in this queer old world; not religion that any man or set of men have laid down for us as being the one and only, but just the simple leadings of a reasoning and reasonable soul, guided by right and duty and love, from which most of jealousy and selfishness have been

discarded — I dare not say all, as that would probably queer my whole preachment. Christ said in substance: "Seek ye first the ideal (kingdom of heaven) and the rest shall be added (your individual needs).

Questions of ethics, however, are not bothering Carroll County people at present so much as the question of how much the depositors and stockholders are going to get from the twisted affairs of the First National Bank of Somersworth, whose genial and trusted cashier got buggy on stocks to the tune of eighty-five thousand dollars — and would be at it still and undetected if his system of keeping two sets of books had not accidentally been discovered by the state bank examiner. God only knows how many such crooked works are now going on, and He can't be interviewed by the grand jury, so we'll have to wait for the coming of the government postal savings bank, which now seems to be reasonably assured, to have a safe place to put the large wads of money we are going to get now that the party of everlasting prosperity has been continued in power.

Speaking of this, it is really laughable when one Republican spokesman — Senator Beveridge — solemnly admits the hard times of the past fifteen months, but adjures us to "think how much worse times would be if Bryan had been elected." Fudge!

Yours truly,

LITTLE PITCHERS.

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

An Accommodating Gent and the Automobilist Who Went Prepared.

People who have been complaining of the drouth during the days of the 30,000 crowds on the baseball diamonds are now having their innings, and the ball cranks are "getting theirs" in the neck the past few days of rain.

The corn crop of this vicinity in the Saco valley has been rescued and potatoes have been greatly helped. Another good result of the rain will be the stopping of the ravages of the dry weather worms that have been destroying thousands of acres of beech and birch and maple foliage, and also a practical quietus to the grasshoppers, which have been devouring gardens and green truck right and left.

Our visit to Bartlett this year finds the place booming under the impetus of Libbey's lumbering operations and outlook for a prosperous year ahead; said to be not over three or four empty tenements in or near the village. *The Reporter* stands well and made a considerable gain in number of subscribers. Hundred of autos pass through here every day as they seek the gorges of the Crawford Notch. One of them stopped and picked up "the agent," as we were trudging up the valley and had a mile and a half to the next stop, which friendly act we are not inclined to criticise, but, reader, do you know we feel real sorry for many a proud possessor of one of these modern speed machines. They are a costly and extravagant luxury, and the original investment does not begin to represent the cost they will put the owner to before he is through with his plaything.

The other day we were jogging peacefully along the bank of the Connecticut, in old Lyme (the town where we

lived when a boy). Old Dobbin was evidently dreaming of clover fields and a chance at succulent oats through a three ply barb wire fence. My nephew, Johnnie Rich, was supposed to be driving, and he had just observed that autos commonly used that road when we looked up and saw a big red touring car trundling down upon us ferociously. Dobbin woke up. Johnnie pulled back hard on the reins and old Dobbin concluded that the hour of his undoing was at hand. He uttered a snort and threw a violent tremble out of his system and backed our party around against a three-inch plank that, fortunately, was fastened to two stout posts and prevented our being dumped over an eight-foot bank. The auto had stopped on the appearance of fright in old Dobbin, and there really wasn't any need of his standing on his hind legs and trying to sit down in our laps, but he did, and not till we had jumped over the fore wheel and grabbed him by the bit did he calm down, and we could figure up the damage, which consisted of a broken cross bar and a ripped harness.

Our auto friend seeing our plight came to the rescue most handsomely with a few feet of large copper wire, which he deftly cut the right length and twisted tightly about the splintered cross bar, with an implement designed for the purpose. He made it as secure as it was before. Then he brought forth from his tool box a finer wire, which he wound around the broken harness and in ten minutes Dobbin and company were ready to meander down the pike in search of fresh adventures.

We firmly believe that the gentleman of the auto (and he was a gentleman) had that outfit on purpose for such emergencies, and we also think that if other 'mobilists don't carry them they "auto."

Conway Corner is another thriving village that is experiencing a business boom. Here, as in Bartlett, the basis for it is the lumber business, the road stretching up Swift River into the heart of the spruce woods being the feeder for the mills here.

A new national bank that was much needed has just been opened. There are practically no tenements to let in town and two or three rooms with a little shed bring $6 per month. Everybody is busy and we hope making a dollar; yes, two dollars. That will leave them one after paying a year's subscription to *The Reporter*.

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Having a Play-Day.—Ithiel Clay's Pride.— The Milk of Human Kindness.

At this writing the air around North Fryeburg is redolent with the smell of growing corn. The three rainy days of last week and the days of intense heat of this week are doing the business with the hundreds of acres of sweet corn and the crop bids fair to be up to the average. A few weeks ago the outlook was not so bright and as it is the corn shop at North Fryeburg will be about two weeks later in starting up, owing to the backwardness of the crop.

Herbert Hurd, with whom we are stopping, is a native of that part of Jackson known as Dundee and was interested in the allusion to Mrs. Gray's experience with the bear in my recent notes. Two weeks ago Mr. Hurd, with his wife, made a trip up through Crawford Notch by team, stopping and pitching their tent wherever night overtook them, being gone about a week and having a splendid time. They din't run over anyone, kill any pigs or farm poultry, get blown up by gasoline, or burned to a crisp by the spark plug igniting a leaking tank — and yet — and yet — they had a most enjoyable trip and came back refreshed to take up the duties of life again, determined to take at least one such trip every year. Reader, how long since you let go the cares of your everyday life long enough

to make a trip somewhere and play a little and have some needed rest? Don't forget that there'll be plenty of rest by and by and it's the part of wisdom to get some of it right now!

We saw the large, fine old farmhouse, so long the home of Ithiel Clay at Chatham Center, today, standing in the morning and evening shadows of the great pine woods, which were the old man's pride. It is empty now and I have forgotten who owns the immense pines, but as I passed through them and gazed away to their lofty, far-flung, upper branches a sense of awe came over me. Man is master of the pines a few brief years and then he goes to his long home and the pines endure. But, sentiment aside, someone is going to cut this noble lot of timber before many years and they will make as wide and enduring boards as any sawed out by the famous old up and down sawmills of our foredaddies.

The well known weather prophet of Green Hill, Elden Grover, was a little late last spring with his planting and so the neighbors turned out and helped him out with this spring's work. When it came on haying time Elden is said to have waited patiently for the neighbors to come and do his haying for him also, but perhaps the milk of human benevolence had soured during the hot weather. Any way the expected didn't happen, and Elden was still haying when we passed over the Green Hill road last Tuesday. We hope Elden won't precipitate a frost in this neck of the woods before the sweet corn is safe, in order to get even.

The Walker place in South Chatham, owned by the Bemises, is being changed into one of the prettiest summer homes in this quiet neighborhood, where there are several very pretty ones, and it commands one of the finest views of Pleasant Mountain over across Kimball Pond that we have ever seen in our travels through the neighboring towns.

THE HOLDUP.

They stood on the bridge at midnight,
  Or a little while before,
And there in that lovely darkness
  He was pleading for just one more!

When out of the robust shadows
  Appeared two stalwart men,
And the spokesman spoke as follows,
  Which changed the subject for them.

"I'll trouble you for your pocket-book,"
  Those were the very words he spoke,
"We'll take your change and jewelry, too,
  For we need the cash, we're broke!"

Now wouldn't that jar you a little,
  Of all the butt-in tribe,
To be held up in that raw way
  With your best girl by your side?

It was only a lonesome copeck
  That the rude highwayman found,
Only a solitary "bone,"
  One dollar large and round!

But the maid and man made tracks for home,
  As they never made tracks before,
And they won't spoon on the Saco bridge
  At midnight, "never no more."

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Doves Helping Out.— The G. O. & P. Road.— Mrs. Gray and the Bears.— A Verse:

Here we are again, the same old sixpence. Thought you'd lost us maybe. Well, you have not, and for fear you might forget us we propose to indite a few lines to the readers of *The Reporter*.

The first thing we noted as we came over into grub struck section of Carroll County (we refer to the grubs that have struck the beech, birch and maple foliage) was a newly married couple taking the train at Rochester for Portland. The matrimonial war had just begun, and rice flew thick and fast. We waited to see the station hands swear when they swept up the ammunition, but as soon as the newly mated pair had departed a small army of doves swooped down and began to eat the rice with great cheer. Evidently they had been there before and knew where to expect a good feed.

The train we finally reached North Conway on broke away from the engine three times between Ossipee and Conway, and the brakeman began to think of asking for a raise, as running back with a flag looked like a continuous performance, while the passengers — some of them — concluded it was the G. O. & P. road (get off and push) for sure, but we finally got into North Conway all right. We expected to find that the name of this thriving burg had been changed to "Saco Flats" or something equally as good for the sake of safety in running freights, but up to date the scimater of fate has failed to fall, and it is the same North Conway it always was, but the re-christening that has been going on all over this section makes the traveler cautious how he gets off at one of these newly named

hamlets without an illumination from the conductor. They say a rose by any other name will smell as sweet, but it will never smell like an onion because you call it one.

We called at Mrs. C. W. Gray's up in Dundee as usual the first of the week and found her gone — we mean we didn't find her because she was gone. The reason she was gone was because when she went after her cows that night with her insignificant pup dog she met up with a bear, the dog did, and she, that is the dog, was pulling off a large contract of bark when out from the raspberry bushes walked Bruin as big as life and as ugly as sin. The bear was six or seven feet tall, and not having a gun handy Mrs. Gray shrank hurriedly from his proffered embrace. In fact, she wasn't long in shrinking clear back to the house, and the dog, we understand, arrived soon after. At which point the bear gave up the chase we wot not, but we bet a cookie he didn't follow long, as any sensible bear would not care to meet Mrs. Gray when she had a gun, as she is one of the few women of our acquaintance that really know how to use one. A few years ago Mrs. Gray caught a young cub alive, so we are told, and there surely would have been trouble brewing for Bruin if she had only had a gun.

The drought of last year and the continued dry weather this year is ruining the crops, and rain now, while it will help some, won't prevent a generally poor season for the farmer. The boarder crop, while reported poor for July, is looking up well in August, and there is something doing at nearly all of the boarding houses about now, we should judge from the animated appearance and the happy smiles of the landlords. In one of the hotels we recently visited we saw the following verse posted conspicuously, and we reproduce it here, as it's a good thing and deserves that we all "pass it along."

It's easy to laugh when all seems fair,
And life seems one grand, sweet song;
But the man worth while
Will cheer up and smile
When everything seems to go wrong!

Cut this out — don't cut out the smile — we all need it in our business. How it sweetens life and brightens our various pathways to eternity.

Respectfully,

THE AGENT.

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

What Happened in the Night.— Robert Drew and His Tobacco.— What New England Seems Good For.

We turned in the other night rather tired and a little grouchy from an aching tooth and were engaged in a coquettish attempt to woo slumber to our weary eyes when a stealthy leap from the encircling gloom landed a large black pussy cat on the northwest corner of our bed. We knew it was a pussy cat because it immediately began to chant a conciliatory little piece of cat music to us and cautiously approach the point where our manly limbs were reposing beneath the bed clothes. We awaited developments with bated breath. Gradually the feline pussy cat drew nearer and after turning around three times laid down on our legs. Now we like cats, we fairly dote on cats, but the prospect of having one perched on our legs during the hours of slumber did not appeal to us to any great extent, and we resented the intrusion with a vigorous kick. We didn't dislodge the cat but we did hit the footboard a sounding crack, which hurt our toes some and injured our feelings some more.

Then we reached out and got hold of pussy with a firm grip and raised her bodily from the bed clothes. The confiding little thing evidently thought we were going to coddle her up under the bed clothes. We felt like a villian, but we felt that we had to do it. Self-preservation is the first law of nature and so we banged kittie away over in the corner by the open bedroom door. She never yowled or spit, as we thought she would, and aside from the dull, sickening thud she made no sound. All was still as death. Alas, we had killed her! But at least we had ended further annoyance and we felt tranquil. In the morning we would gather up the remains and there would be a modest cat funeral, that was all.

With this reflection we turned over and were almost asleep when something not entirely ghostly dropped on our bed again. It was — yes, there was no doubt about it, it certainly was that blessed cat. This time we didn't mince matters, but we rained kicks on pussy and in less than three rounds she landed on the floor again. You may not have noticed it, dear reader, but a cat seeking a roost on the foot of your bed is a very persistent and patient animal. After four or five rounds you may think you have driven her off for good, but when you wake up in the morning you'll find pussy curled up in a little ball of palpitating fur right in the small of your back, as contented as you please. After I had tried this game five or six times with like result we gently hoisted the window and dropped kitty out, not necessarily to injure her physical system, but as an evidence of good faith and — the cat didn't come back.

We stopped one night this week at my friend, Enoch Drew's, at Silver Lake, and among other good ones Enoch told us one on his paternal grandfather, Robert. He is not the Robert Drew of whom so many interesting stories have been told to us heretofore, but his father. He was a small man in size and no match for his large and masculine better half, but he was fiery and when he found that all

his tobacco crop had been taken to the store and disposed of he vowed that he would never use any more of the weed! But he did. Mrs. Drew took her eggs down to the local store and sold them and with the proceeds bought some plug tobacco and brought it home.

Throwing it on the table she announced: "Here, Robert, here's your tobacco; help yourself."

"Shan't touch it — not a bit of it; never'll chew another mite!" he cried excitedly.

Then something happened. Robert found himself in the strong embrace of his big wife, his head under one arm, his under jaw pulled down and a plug of the tobacco stuck in his teeth. He was admonished to "chew, Robert, chew: that's a nice little man." And Robert chewed — but wasn't he mad though?

When our Saco valley farmers who are raising sweet corn got up Tuesday, August 31, and found frost enough on the grass for snowballs and ice the thickness of window glass they began to think that farming in this neck of the woods was something fierce. We guess the most of New England is better adopted to raising "cain" and cutting ice than it is to the other branches of agriculture.

Respectfully,

THE AGENT.

THE AGENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

Shore Farms.— Colonel Dow's Recollections.

We were at Tamworth this week and stopped Monday night at Ralph Smith's, who has a very pretty summer boarding house away up on Ossipee Mountain side, back of "Fort Jackson." Mr. Smith was raised on the farm now owned by a Mr. Slade on the shore of Squam Lake in Sandwich, at the foot of Red Hill, and he told me that when he was a boy an uncle owned a farm near by which he

offered for sale at a figure a little above $1,400, but finally sold it for that figure. Since then five acres of it, known as the "Point Field," has sold for $5,000 and the rest would bring more than $10,000. This is illustrative of the increase in land values all around the New Hampshire lakes.

When I got to Tamworth village among others I called on Col. Charles Dow. Mr. Dow is a finely preserved gentleman of the old school, about eighty-five years old, and his stories of the olden times before railroads had penetrated to New Hampshire and when practically everything except rum and molasses that was used in Tamworth was also made or raised there was interesting to me, and would be to that large public that knows little about those good old days in these hurrying times, when we have to climb trees to escape the omnipresent automobile and crawl into holes or cyclone cellars to escape the flying machines. These days when two rival claimants to the discovery of the North Pole pop up in a single week and call each other liars in letters three inches long; in these stirring times it is really refreshing to get a glimpse, if only a fleeting one, of the good old days when the world didn't move so fast.

The Cleveland Memorial road now being built near the home of the late ex-president is being pushed along this fall, some forty or fifty men and teams being employed, and by the looks we should say that $25,000 to $50,000 would be required to finish it. Massive arches are to guard the two ends of it, and it is to be done in a manner to reflect the strong and solid character of the man in whose memory it is built.

Our observation leads us to believe that the worm pest that has devastated the forests of the Saco and Ossipee regions has not invaded the towns south and west of Lakes Winnipesaukee and Squam or the Pemigewasset valley or the country north of the White Mountains, but it has made a pretty clean sweep where it has been. Some say a miller

lays the eggs in the tops of the trees, from which they eat downwards, while others hold the opinion that they hatch out in the ground and crawl up. Our time has been so taken up with the chase after the nimble dollar that we confess we haven't given the subject sufficient attention to offer any real valuable information, but we fervently hope that those who believe they won't return next season are correct, as we haven't any use for them.

THE POLE.

Back they come to the white man's land,
  These men from the frozen pole,
Out of the deep silences they stand,
  And declare they have reached the goal!

What care we if the drifting sea
  Of ice, where their course lay,
Were a mile, or ten, or a hundred,
  From the true pole either way!

Afar in that vast desperate place,
  In perils we cannot know,
They played with the white death face to face,
  Fought ocean and ice and snow.

Thank God, they live to come back to us
  From the wastes of the polar night,
From the barren and useless and awful sea,
  To the land of the sweet sunlight.

And why should men care to bandy words
  Since the point they sought is a useless quest;
What gains the world that they peril their lives
  For the pole, a figure of speech at best?

Speaking of Peary's telegram announcing that he had "nailed the stars and stripes to the North Pole": Now is that quite scientific and professional? Our friend Teddy R., when he gets back from Africa, is liable to call it another "nature fake."

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